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THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

A Tragi-Comedy.

By S. Tuke.

Nonego Ventosæ Plebis suffragia venor.

Horat.

Febr. 21° 1662.

IMPRIMATUR

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To the Right HONORABLE,

HENRY HOWARD,

OF

NORFOLK.

SInce it is Your Pleasure (Noble Sir) that I should hold my Fortune from You; like those Tenants, who pay some Inconsiderable Trifle in lieu of a Valuable Rent, I humbly offer You this Poem in Acknowledgment of my Tenure: and I am well pleas'd with this Occasion to Publish my Sense of Your Favours, since it seems to me a kind of Ingratitude to be Thankful in Private.

It was bred upon the Terrace-Walks in Your Garden at *Aldbury*; and, if I mistake not, it resembles the Place where it was Brought up: The Plot is Delightful, the Elevations Natural, the Ascents Easie, without any great Embellishments of Art.

I

I design'd the Character of *Antonio* as a Copy of Your Stedy Virtue; if it appear to those, who have the Honor to know You, short of the Original: I take leave to inform them, that You have not sat to me long; 'Tis possible, hereafter I may Gratifie my Country for their Civility to this Essay with something more worthy of Your Patronage, and their Indulgence.

In the Interim I make it my Glory to avow, That had Fortune been Just to me, She could not have Recompens'd the Loyal Industry of my Life with a more Illustrious Title, than that which You have been pleas'd to Confer upon me; of *YOUR FRIEND*. To which (as in Gratitude I am bound) I Subjoyn that of

Your most humble Servant,

S. TUKE.

The First SCENE is

The City of *SEVIL.*

The Prologue Enters with a Play-Bill in his hand, and Reads,

This Day being the 15th of *December*, ſhall be Acted a New Play, never Plai'd before, call'd *The Adventures of Five Hours.*

A NEW PLAY.

TH'are i'the right, for I dare boldly ſay,
The Engliſh *Stage ne'r had ſo New a Play;*
The Dreſs, the Author, and the Scenes are New.
This ye have ſeen before ye'l ſay; 'tis true;
But tell me, Gentlemen, who ever ſaw
A deep Intrigue confin'd to Five Hours Law.
Such as for cloſe Contrivance yields to none:
A Modeſt Man may praiſe what's not his own.
'Tis true, the Dreſs is his, which he ſubmits
To thoſe who are, and thoſe who would be Wits;
Ne'r ſpare him Gentlemen, for to ſpeak truth,
He has a per'lous Cenſ'rer been in's Youth;
And now grown Bald with Age, Doating on Praiſe,
He thinks to get a Periwig of Bays.
Teach him what 'tis, in this Diſcerning Age
To bring his heavy Genius on the Stage;
Where you have ſeen ſuch Nimble Wits appear,
That paſs'd ſo ſoon, one ſcarce could ſay th'were here.
Yet after our Diſcoveries of late
Of their Deſigns, who would Subvert the State;
You'l wonder much, if it ſhould prove his Lot,
To take all England *with a* Spaniſh *Plot;*
But if through his ill Conduct, or hard Fate,
This Forein Plot (like that of Eighty Eight)
Should ſuffer Shipwrack in your Narrow Seas,
You'll give your Modern Poet his writ of Eaſe;
For by th' Example of the King of Spain,
He reſolves ne'r to trouble you again.

THE PROLOGUE AT COURT.

He Addresses himself to the Pit.

This refers to the Authors purpose of Retirement, at that time when his Majesty recommended this Plot to him.

As to a dying Lamp, one drop of Oyl
Gives a new Blaze, and makes it live a while;
So th' Author seeing his decaying Light,
And therefore thinking to retire from sight,
Was hindred by a Ray from th'upper Sphere,
Just at that time he thought to disappear;
He chanc'd to hear his Majesty once say
He lik'd this Plot: he staid; and writ the Play;
So should Obsequious Subjects catch the Minds
Of Princes, as your Sea-men do the Winds.
If this Attempt then shews more Zeal, than Light,
'T may teach you to Obey, though not to Write.

He looking up and seeing the *King* starts.
* He Kneels.
He Rises.

*HA! he is there himself. * Pardon my sight,*
My Eyes were dazled with Excess of Light;
Even so the Sun, who all things else displays,
Is hid from us i' th' Glory of his Rays;
Will You vouchsafe Your Presence? You, that were given
To be our Atlas, *and support our Heaven?*
Will You (Dread Sir) Your Pretious Moments lose
To Grace the first Endeavours of our Muse,
This with Your Character most aptly suits
Even Heaven it self is pleas'd with the first Fruits.

DRAM.

DRAMMATIS PERSONÆ.

Porcia. Camilla.	*Young Ladies.*
Don Carlos.	*A Kind Brother to* Camilla.
Don Henrique.	*A Severe Brother to* Porcia.
Don Antonio Pimentel.	*Contracted by the Mediation of Friends to* Porcia *before he saw her.*
Don Octavio.	*Secret Gallant to* Porcia, *but feigning to be in Love with* Camilla.
Flora.	*Waiting-woman to* Porcia.
Ernesto. Sancho.	*Servants to* Don Antonio.
Diego.	*Servant to* Octavio.
Sylvio. Geraldo. Pedro.	*Servants to* Don Henrique.

The Corigidor, *and* Attendants.

THE SCENE

SEVIL.

The

The Reader is desir'd to take notice of these Errors of the Printer.

Page 6. line 40. read,
Does fully state the difference of our Fortunes.
Page 12. line 8. read,
These Descants on our Griefs, &c.
Page 19. line 43. read,
And trusted to her Eyes when she did Wake.

The First Act.

THE SCENE
DON HENRIQVE's
HOUSE.

Enter Don Henrique, *who is immediately follow'd by* Sylvio.

Sylvio. Signior, *Don Carlos* is without.

Henr. Wait on him in.

Enter Carlos.

Car. Cozin, to me this day hath longer seem'd than usual,
Since 'tis so far advanc'd without our seeing one another.

Henr. Me thinks so too; but you repair your Stay,
By coming hither opportunely now;
You have so often born with my Distempers,
'Tis fit that once at least you should partake
Of my Good humour.

Car. What ere the Cause may be (I'm sure) I joy
In the Effect, and may it long continue.

Henr. I can inform you by experience now,
How great a satisfaction 'tis to find
A Heart and Head eas'd of a weighty care;
For a Gentleman of my warm temper,
Jealous of the Honour of his Family,
(Yet never blemish'd) to be fairly freed
From the Tuition of an Orphan Sister,
Rich, Beautiful, and Young.

Car. You know, *Don Henrique*, that for divers years,
Your Friend has been with the like Province charg'd,
A tender Sister, by our Parents will,
(When they were call'd from all their Cares below)

To mine committed; and though more expos'd
Still to the world than yours; and (Sir) unless
Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
In the advantages that draw Pretenders;
Yet thanks to my Temper, Cozin, as well
As to her Virtue, I have seen her grow
Up from her Childhood, to her Dangerous Age,
Without the least Disturbance to my rest:
And when with equal Justice I reflect
On the great Modesty and Circumspection
Of lovely *Porcia*, I conclude, that you
Might well have slept as Undisturb'd as I.

Henr. Sir, I complain not of my Sisters conduct;
But you know well, young Maids are so expos'd
To the Invasion of audacious men,
And to the Malice of their envious Sex,
You must confess the Confines of their Fame
Are never safe till guarded by a Husband;
The wisdom of Relations ought to use
Preventions of all sorts; but dear *Carlos*,
The Blemish once received, no Wash is good
For stains of Honor, but th'Offenders blood.

Car. Y' are too severe a Judge of point of Honor.

Henr. And therefore having not long since receiv'd
The news, that *Don Antonio Pimentel*,
Is likely to be here this night from *Flanders*;
To whom my Sister by *Velladas* means,
(Our common Friend and Patron) is contracted;
I will not close these eyes till I have seen
Her, and my Cares, safe lodg'd within his arms.

Car. I find your travels, Cozin, have not cur'd you
Of that innate Severity to Women,
Which grows to be a National reproach
Unto us all abroad; the world laments
That miserable Sex amongst us here,
Born onely to be honorable Prisoners;
The more of Quality, the Closer kept;
Which Cruelty is reveng'd upon our selves,
Whilst by Immuring those whom most we Love,
We sing and sigh onely to Iron Grates.
As cruel is that over-cautious use,
By Proxy to contract Parties Unknown
To one another; this is onely fit
For Soveraign Princes, whose high qualities
Will not allow of previous interviews;
" They sacrifice their Love to Publick good,
" Consulting onely Interest and Blood.
A custom, which as yet I never knew

Us'd

Us'd between persons of a Lower rank,
Without a sequel of sad Consequence:
Sir, understand me right; I speak not this
By way of Prophecy; I am no stranger
To *Don Antonio's* great reputation,
Which I believe so just, I no way doubt
Your Sisters being happy in him.

Hen. Don Carlos, let us quit this Argument;
I now am going to our noble friend
And kinsman the *Corigidor*, to see
If he will honor with his Company
My Sisters Wedding; will you come along?

Car. Most willingly; as soon as I have brought
My Sister hither, and left her with yours.

Henr. I have some business, Cozin, by the way,
I'l go before, and wait you i'th' *Piazza*.
Your Servant, Cozin.

Henrique *waits on him to the door.*

[*Exit* Carlos.

This Kinsman is my bosom friend, and yet
Of all men living, I must hide from him
My deep resentments of his Sisters scorn;
That cruel Maid, to wound me to the Heart;
Then close her Ears against my just complaints;
But though as yet I cannot heal my wound;
I may, by my Revenge upon my Rival
Divert the Pain; and I will drive it home;
There's in Revenge a Balm, which will appease
The present grief, and Time cure the disease.

[*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. My heart is so oppress't, with fear and grief,
That it must break, unless it find relief;
The Man I love is forc'd to flie my sight,
And like a *Parthian*, kills me in his flight:
One whom I never saw, I must embrace,
Or else destroy the honour of my race.
A Brothers Care, more cruel than his Hate;
O how perplext is my unhappy fate!

Enter Carlos *and* Camilla.

Car. Cozin, I thought my Sisters company
Would not displease you, whilst I wait upon
Your Brother in a visit.

Porc. Sir, you oblige me with a welcom favour;
I rather should have stil'd it Charity,
To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate } *aside.*
Has robb'd her of her self.

Cam.

Cam. Me thinks, 'tis pitty that a wall ſhould make
The houſes two, of friends ſo entirely one,
As you, and I, and our two Brothers are.
Porc. If it be true, that Lovers live much more,
There where they Love, than where they Breath, I'm ſure
No walls can ſever us, w' are ſtill together.
Car. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So ſweet a Converſation; but, Siſter,
At my return, I'l wait upon you home.
Porc. For this night, Cozin, pray let her be mine,
I beg it of you both.
Car. You may command, we are both yours.
[*Exit* Carlos.

Porcia *throws her ſelf on* Camillas *neck.*

Porc. My dear *Camilla*, how I long'd to have thee,
Where freely breathing out my Grief, I might
Some mitigation from thy Pitty find;
" But ſince there's no true Pitty without Pain;
Why ſhould I Eaſe, by thy Affliction gain?
Cam. Ah *Porcia*! if Compaſſion Suffering be,
And to Condole, be Pain; my Deſtiny
Will full revenge in the ſame kind afford;
Should I, but my unequal'd griefs relate,
And you, but equally participate.
Porc. If yours, as mine, from Love-diſaſters riſe,
Our Fates are more alli'd than Families.
Cam. What, to our Sex, and blooming age can prove
An anguiſh worthy of our Sighs, but Love?
Porc. 'Tis true, *Camilla*, were your fate like mine,
Hopeleſs to hold, unable to reſign.
Cam. Let's tell our Stories, then we ſoon ſhall ſee,
Which of us two excells in Miſery.
Porc. Cozin, agreed.
Cam. Do you begin then.

After a little panſe.

Porc. You know, *Camilla*, beſt, how generouſly,
How long, and how diſcreetly, my *Octavio*
Hath ſerv'd me; and what trials of his faith
And fervour I did make, ere I allow'd
The leaſt hope to ſuſtain his noble Love.
Cozin, all this you know; 'twas in your Houſe
We had our interviews; where you were pleas'd
To ſuffer feign'd addreſſes to your Self,
To cover from my watchful Brother's eyes,
The real paſſion which he had for me.
Cam. My memory in this needs no refreſhing.
Porc. And how one Evening (O that fatal hour)
My Brother paſſing by *Don Carlos* houſe,
With his great Friend and Confident *Don Pedro*,
Did chance to ſee th' unfortunate *Octavio*,

At your Balcony, entertaining me,
Whom not believing there, he took for you;
Where mad with Jealousie, his cruel nature
(To which all Moderation is unknown)
Resolves to stamp all your Neglects of him,
In's suppos'd Rival poor *Octavio*'s heart;
He, and his Friend both draw, *Octavio*
Retires, they assault him, who in's own defence
Does kill *Don Pedro*, and is forc'd to flie.
My Brother cruelly pursues him still,
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,
That nothing but *Octavio*'s blood can quench;
Yet covering still his Rage and Jealousie,
With the resentment of *Don Pedro*'s death.

Cam. Is this the sum of your sad story, *Portia*?
Is this all?

Por. No, no, *Camilla*, 'tis the Prologue onely,
The Tragedy does follow; this Tyrant,
This cruel Brother, to th'Impetuous Laws
Of whose Tuition, our deceased Parents
My Person and my Fortune have condemn'd,
In his unjust Suspition restless grown,
(Which he to palliate Vice with Virtues name,
Does Sense of Honor call) takes an Allarm,
And starts at every shadow; as if reproach
Attended all the actions of a Sister,
Though ne'r so Circumspect; and uses me;
As if the Honor of our Family
Were over-thrown for ever, should my Eyes,
Or Judgment, be but the least part allow'd
In making choice of him should be my Husband.
Therefore to frustrate all my hopes at once,
He has already marri'd me by Proxie,
To one in *Flanders*, whom I never saw,
Who is this very night expected here.

Cam. Is such a rigour possible, dear *Portia*?

Por. Was ever Miserie like mine, *Camilla*?
Heightned to such extremes, past all relief?
If I acquaint my Brother with my Love
T'*Octavio*, the man he most does Hate,
I must expect the worst effects of fury;
If I endeavour to Forget *Octavio*,
Even that attempt renews his memory,
And fresh Disquiet gives; If I refuse
To marry, I am lost; If I obey,
I cast *Octavio* and my self away.
Two such Extremes of ill, no Choice admit,
Each seems the Worst; on which Rock shall I split?

Since if I marry, I cannot ſurvive;
And not to marry; were to die alive.
Cam. Your Story (I confeſs) is ſtrangely moving;
Yet if you could my Fortune weigh with yours,
In Scales of equal Senſibility,
You would not change your Sufferings, for mine.
Por. What can there be in Nature more afflicting,
Than a Divorce from th'Object of our Love,
For ever, to embrace the thing we Hate?
Cam. Have you not known that Object of your Love?
And entertain'd the Perſon you eſteem?
Have you not heard, and anſwered to his Sighs?
Has he not born his Part in all your Cares?
Do not you live, and reign within his heart?
Por. I doubt no more his Faith, than my hard Fate.
Cam. But tell me, deareſt *Portia*, if I love
One, I ne'r ſhall ſee, and ſuffer as much
Without the Means of e'r expreſſing it,
As what I ſuffer is above expreſſion;
If all my Sighs wander in fleeting Air,
And ne'r can reach his ears for whom they're form'd;
If all my Paſſion, all my killing Cares,
Muſt be for ever to their Cauſe unknown;
If that their weight muſt ſink me to my Grave,
Without one Groan that he can ever hear,
Or the leaſt hope, that I ſhould e'r obtain
By Pitty Eaſe, or Cure by his Diſdain:
If this the ſtate of my Misfortune be,
Say, deareſt *Portia*, do you envie me?
Por. What over-cruel Laws of Decency
Have ſtruck you dumb? have you miſplac'd your Love,
On ſuch a Subject, as you dare not own?
Cam. No, the Cauſe is worthy of the Effect;
And though I had no Paſſion for his Perſon,
I were Ungrateful if I ſhould not give
The firſt place in my Heart to ſuch high Merit.
Por. If he has been ſo Generous, to deſerve
Your Love, why are not you ſo Juſt, to let
Him know it?
Cam. 'Tis impoſſible; Ah! that diſmal word
Does full ſtate the Difference of our Fortunes:
You, in your firſt Adventure have been croſt,
But I, before I can ſet out am loſt.
Por. Pray make me comprehend this Myſtery.
Cam. 'Tis t'open my wounds afreſh, dear *Portia*,
After a little pauſe. But You muſt be obey'd----
The *Conde de Ozmiate* being ſent
Embaſſadour unto the *Emperour*;
Who having th' honor to be near ally'd

To

To him, by his Lady, (who likewise went
That Journey with her Husband) my Brother
Was desir'd by her to make that Voiage;
Whose tenderness for me, not suffering him
To let me stay behind, I was ingag'd;
And treated by th' *Ambassadress*, my Cozin,
With more respect than I could ever merit.

Por. She's a Lady, fam'd for great Civility.

Cam. We had not pass'd much time i'th' *Emp'ror*'s Court,
When my dear Brother unexpectedly,
By urgent business, was call'd back to *Sevil*;
And in our return (too near a Garison
Of th'Enemies) our Convoy was surpriz'd,
And routed by a Party of their Horse.

Por. Camilla, you begin to raise my fears.

Cam. We Prisoners made, were hurri'd streight away
To their Quarters, where my malicious Fate
Made me appear too pleasing to the Eyes
Of their Commander; who at first approach
Pretends to Parly in a Lovers style,
Protesting that my Face had chang'd our Fortunes,
And him my Captive made: But finding soon
How little he advanc'd in his Design
By Flattery, and his feign'd Submission;
He shifts his Person, calls me his Prisoner,
And swears my Virgin-Treasure was his Prize;
And yet protests he had much rather owe it
To my Indulgence, than his own Good Fortune;
And so through Storms and Calms, the Villain still
Pursues his Course to his accursed End;
But finding me inflexible to Threats
As well as Fawnings, he resolves to use
The last, and uncontroled Argument
Of Impious Men in Power, Force.

Por. Ah poor *Camilla*! tell me, where was then
Your Brother, at a time of such distress?

Cam. My Brother? he, alas, was long before
Born away from me, in the first Incounter;
Where having certainly behav'd himself
As did become his Nation and his Name,
Remain'd sore wounded in another House.

Por. Pr'ythee make haste to free me from this fright.

Cam. The Brute approaches, and by Violence
Endeavours to accomplish his intent;
I Heaven invoke, and strong Resistance make,
But with Unequal force, though Rage suppli'd
Those Spirits, which my Fear had put to flight;
Breathless at length with crying out, and striving,

I ſpi'd a Dagger by the Villain's ſide,
Which ſnatching boldly out, as my laſt refuge,
With his own Arms I wound the Savage Beaſt;
He, at the ſtroke, unſeas'd me, and gave back;
(" So Guilt produces Cowardice) then I
The Dagger pointing to my breaſt, cri'd out;
Villain, keep off, for if thou dost perſiſt,
I'l be my ſelf both Sacrifice and Prieſt;
I boldly now defie thy Luſt, and Hate;
" She that dares Chooſe to die, may Brave her Fate.
Immediately the Drums and Trumpets ſound,
Piſtols go off, and a great cry, To Arms,
To Arms: The Luſtful Satyr flies; I ſtand
Fix'd with amazement to the Marble floor,
Holding my Guardian Dagger up aloft,
As if the Raviſher had threatned ſtill.

Por. I fancy thee, *Camilla*, in that brave poſture,
Like a noble Statue, which I remember
To have ſeen, of the inraged *Juno*,
VVhen ſhe had robb'd *Jove* of his Thunderbolt.

Cam. Freed from this Fright, my Spirits flow ſo faſt
To the forſaken Chanels of my Heart,
That thoſe who by their orderly acceſs
Would have Supported life, by Throngs oppreſs.
O're-charg'd with Joy, I fell into a Swoon;
And what was done in this *Parenthesis*
Is not within the Circle of my Knowledge.

Por. Y' have rais'd me to a mighty Expectation;
VVill the Adventure anſwer it, *Camilla*?

Cam. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes,
Think, deareſt *Porcia*, how I was aſtoniſh'd,
To find there kneeling by my ſide, a Man,
Of a moſt noble Form, who bowing to me,
Madam, (ſays he) y'are welcome to the world;
Pardon, I pray, the Boldneſs of a Stranger,
That humbly ſues t'you to Continue in it;
Or if You needs will Leave us, ſtay at leaſt
Till I ſhall have Reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'l wait upon you to the other world,
For You with-drawn, this will a Deſert ſeem,
And Life a Torment.

Por. High gallantry, Cozin, for a firſt Addreſs.

Cam. 'Twas ſo Surprizing, that my Confuſion
Check'd my Reply: but I ſuppoſe my Looks
Did ſpeak the grateful Language of my Heart;
For I perceiv'd an Air of Joy enlighten
His manly Face; but, O! it ſoon was clowded,
By freſh Allarms; We heard the Soldiers cry,

VVhere's

Where's *Antonio*, th'Enemy is ralli'd,
And coming on to give a Second Charge;
He ſtarted up, and I with a Meen, that mark'd
The Conflict 'twixt his Honor and his Love;
Madam, (ſays he) the Soul was never yet
With ſuch Convulſion from the Body torn,
As I from you; but it muſt ne'r be ſaid,
That *Don Antonio Pimentel* was ſeen
To Follow in Dangers thoſe he ought to Lead;
And thus the Vanquiſh'd Conqueror Diſappear'd,
Leaving that Image ſtamp'd upon my Heart,
To which I all the Joys muſt Sacrifice
Of the poor remnant of my wretched Life;
If properly to live I may be ſaid,
When all my hopes of Seeing him are dead.
Por. What ſaid you was his name, *Camilla*?
Cam. Don Antonio Pimentel, I told you.
Por. O Heavens! *Antonio Pimentel*?

She puts her Handkerchief to her Eyes.

Enter Henrique.

Hen. I'm pleas'd to find you Speaking of your Husband.
Cam. What's that I hear? her Husband? *Aſide.*
Hen. Have you the Letter ready, I deſir'd you
To write to him? I'l ſend a Servant with it,
To meet him on the way, 'twill ſhew Reſpect.
Porc. You know my Obedience, Brother.
Hen. 'Tis well, Siſter.

Enter Sylvio.

Sylv. Sir, here's a Servant of *Don Antonio*,
Newly alighted at the Gate; he's come
Poſt from his Maſter, charg'd with Letters for You.
Hen. You ne'r could bring me a more welcom News;
Call him in, *Sylvio*: Siſter, you may
With-draw, and take this time to ask your Cozin,
How ſhe likes my Choice of your Wedding-Cloathes.
Por. My Wedding-Cloathes? Ah! miſerable Maid!
The Heathen ſo to their Feign'd Deities
Adorn'd the Victims they did Sacrifice.
[*Exeunt* Porcia & Camilla.

Enter Erneſto *and* Sylvio.

Ern. Signior, Don Antonio kiſſes your hands,
And ſends me to preſent this Letter to you.
[*He gives a Letter to* Don Henrique.
Don Henrique *opens it, and ſeeming to have read it to himſelf, ſays,*

Hen. I'm glad you left him well; but yet me thinks,
He writes doubtfully of his being here
This night, as I expected.
Ern. His Letter, I suppose, declares his purpose.
Henr. I'l answer't, and dispatch you presently.
In the mean while go make him welcom, *Sylvio.*

{ *Exeunt* Sylvio *and* Ernesto *at one door,*
{ *and* Henrique *at the other.*

Enter Sylvio, Ernesto, Geraldo, Pedro, *with some Cups of* Chocolate.

Sylv. Meethinks, Camerade, a soop of *Chocolate*
Is not amiss after a tedious Journey;
He drinks. Your Master's Health, Sir.
Ern. I'l do you reason, Sir.
Sylv. Pray how long is't, Brother, since you left *Spain*?
Ern. 'Tis now five years, and upward, since I went
From *Sevil*, with my Master, into *Flanders*,
The King's Fencing-School; where all his Subjects,
Given to Fighting, are taught the Use of Arms,
And notably kept in breath.
Sylv. Your Master, I am sure, has got the Fame
To be a Per'lous man in that rough Trade.
Ern. He's a brave Soldier, Envy must confess it.
Pedr. It seems so i'faith, since meerly by the force
Of his great Reputation, he can take our Bright
Young Mistris so, without a Siege.
Ern. I hope she'l be Reveng'd on him ere long,
And take him too, by the force of her Wit,
And Beautie.
Pedr. S'has more than a Child's Portion, Sir, of both,
I dare assure you.
Sylv. But, pr'ythee, Brother, instruct me a little,
Tell me, what kind of Country is this *Holland*,
That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for.
Ern. Why, Friend, 'tis a huge Ship at Anchor, fraught
With a sort of Creatures, made up of Turf,
And Butter.
Pedr. I pray, Sir, what do they drink in that Country?
'Tis said, there's neither Fountains there,
Nor Vines.
Aside. *Ern.* This is the *Butler* sure by his apt question.
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy Liquor,
Made of that Grain with which you feed your Mules.
Pedr. What? Barley? can that Liquor quench their thirst?
Ern. You'd scarce believe it did, had you but seen
How oft they drink.
Pedr. But, me-thinks, that should make them drunk, Camera-

Ern. Indeed moſt Strangers do think ſo, but they
Themſelves believe it not, becauſe they're ſo,
So often.
Ger. A Nation ſure of Walking Tuns; the World
Has not the like.
Ern. Pardon me, Friend, there is but a great Ditch
Betwixt them and ſuch another Nation;
If theſe Good-fellows would but Joyn, and drink
That drie, i'faith they might ſhake hands.
Ger. Pr'ythee, Friend, can theſe Dutch *Borraccios*
Fight?
Ern. They can do even as well, for they can Pay
Thoſe that can fight.
Sylv. But where, I pr'ythee, do they get their Money?
Ern. Oh, Friend, they have a Thriving Myſtery;
They Cheat their Neighbouring Princes of their Trade,
And then they Buy their Subjects for their Soldiers.
Sylv. Me-thinks our Armies ſhould beat theſe Dull Fellows
Out of the World.
Ern. Theſe Dull Fellows will ſooner beat our Armies
Out of their Country; Why, Friend, ready Mony
Will do much more, in Camps, as well as Courts,
Than a Ready Wit, I dare aſſure you.
Ger. What a Gods name could come into the Heads
Of this People, to make them Rebell?
Ern. Why Religion, that came into their Heads
A Gods name.
Ger. But what a Devil made the Noble-men
Rebel?
Ern. Why that which made the Devil himſelf Rebel,
Ambition.
Sylv. This is a pleaſant Fellow; *Aſide.*
I find that you Soldiers do not want Wit.
Ern. But I find he wants Wit that is a Soldier.
Gentlemen, your Company's very good,
But I have buſineſs that requires Diſpatch.
Pedr. Will you not mend your Draught before you go?
Ern. I thank you, Sir, I have done very well.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Por. Was e'r Misfortune like to mine, *Camilla*?
Cam. Was e'r Diſaſter, *Porcia*, like to mine?
Por. That I muſt never ſee *Octavio* more.
Cam. That I again muſt *Don Antonio* ſee,
Never to ſee him Mine.
Por. I, to be marri'd to the Man I Hate.

Cam.

Cam And I, to have the Man I Love, torn from me.
Por. I am, by Robbing of my Friend, undone.
Cam. And I (alas) by Yielding, ruine both.
Por. Ye Powers, who theſe intangled fortunes give,
She weeps. Inſtruct us how to Die, or how to Live.
Cam. Cozin, when we ſhould Act, then to Complain,
Is Childiſhly to beat the Air in vain.
The ſedeſcants on our Griefs do but Perplex,
Let's ſeek the Remedy; You know, our Sex
This Honor bears from Men, in Exigents
Of Love, never to want Expedients.
Por. You have awaken'd me, give me your Veil,
Quickly, my Deareſt, quickly; and You, *Flora*,
Porcia *takes off* Camilla's *Veil and puts it on upon her ſelf.* Run and ſee if my Brother be ſetled
To the Diſpatching of *Antonio*'s Man.
[*Exit* Flora.
Cam. What mean you, *Porcia*?
Por. If once my Brother be ſet down to write,
I may ſecurely reckon one hour mine;
His Wits are onely in his Choler quick
And his Hand ready in Revenge; he's ſo
Extravagantly Jealous, he diſtruſts
The Meaning of his own ill-choſen Words,
And ſo at length can hardly fix on any.
This Time I will make uſe of to go ſee
Octavio, and let him know that the laſt Term
Of all our Hopes is ready to Expire,
Unleſs his Wit, his Courage, and his Love,
Some quick Expedient find for our Relief.
Cam. Why, How, and Where d'you hope to ſpeak with him?
Por. In his own Houſe, where he does lie conceal'd,
'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.
Cam. Know you the way?
Por. Not very well, but *Flora*'s a good Guide.

Enter Flora *haſtily.*

Flo. O *Madam*! he's coming already.
Por. Ah ſpiteful Deſtiny! let us retire,
Cozin, into my Chamber.
[*Exeunt* Porcia *and* Camilla.

Enter Henrique *and* Erneſto.

Henr. If you deſire to ſpeak with her, you may.
Ern. I ſhould be very glad to tell my Maſter
That I have had th' Honour to ſee his Bride.
Henr. Where's your Lady, *Flora*?
Flor. She's in her Chamber, *Signior*.
Henr. Tell her, [illegible] Servant does deſire

To do his Duty to her, ere he goes. [*Exit* Flora.
Friend, you will find her there, without a Veil,
In her Home Dress, but you are privileg'd
For this free Access, by your Relation.
Whilst you wait on her, I'l go end my Letter.
[*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, *and* Flora.

Por. If thou lov'st me, get him quickly away,
Before my Brother come, and give him this. *She gives* Flora *a Letter.*

{Ernesto *addresses himself to* Camilla, *seeing her without a Veil.*

Ern. Madam, I have been bold to beg the Honor
Of Seeing you, to make my self more welcome
To my Lord, at my return.
Por. A rare Mistake, further it, dear *Camilla.* *Aside.*
Who knows what Good this Error may produce?
Cam. Friend, in what state left you your Lord and mine?
Ern. As happy as the Hopes of being Yours
Ought certainly to make him, *Madam.*
Cam. I would the Master were as easily deceiv'd. *Aside.*
I pray present my Humble Service to him:
Flora, give him the Letter; Farewel.
[*Exeunt* Camilla, Porcia, *and* Flora.

Ern. Now by my Life, she is a lovely Lady;
My Master will be ravish'd with her Form;
I hope the Bargain, which her Brother made,
By th' interposal of *Vellada*'s Power,
(Though founded only in Interest) may prove
As happy a Marriage, as any other
Made after th' Old fashion, chiefly for Love;
And that so rare a Beauty may have power
To bring him back to his right Wits again
From his wild Ravings on an unknown *Dame*,
Whom as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recover'd from a Trance; that is,
From a sound Sleep, to make him Dream e'r since.
I'l hasten to him with this pleasing news. [*Exit.* Ernesto.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Cam. My Melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the Formal Fool's mistake;
But tell me, did not I present your Persnage
With assurance? the way for both to thrive; *Smiling.*
Is to make me your Representative.
Por. Most willingly, and I am confident,
When you, your Charms shall to his heart apply,
You all your Rivals safely may defie.

Cam. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.
But, Cozin, my Despairs are so Extreme,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a Dream.

Flo. Madam, do we go, or what d' you resolve on?

Por. I must resolve, I see, yet know not what.

Cam. Cozin, take heed, I am afraid you venture
Too much, your Brother cannot tarry long;
And, if returning, he should find you missing------

Por. Y'have reason, the opportunity is lost,
What is't a Clock, *Flora*?

Flo. I think near Eight, for the Clock struck seven,
Just as *Camilla* enter'd the Chamber.

Por. Quick then, *Flora*, fetch your Veil, you shall carry
My Tablets to *Octavio*, there he'l find
The Hour and Place where I would have him meet.

[*Exit.* Flora.

Cam. 'Tis well resolv'd; but where do you design
Your Meeting?

Por. In the Remotest part of all the Garden,
Which answers (as you know) to my apartment;
And *Flora* has the Key of the Back-door.

Cam. As the Case stands, you choose the fittest place.

[Flora *returns Veil'd.*

Por. Cozin, I beg your patience whilst I write.

Porcia *writes in her Tablets.*

Cam. You, *Flora*, by this Accident may chance
To see your faithful Lover *Diego.*

Flo. He is a faithful Lover of himself,
Without a Rival, *Madam.*

Cam. Damsel, your Words and Thoughts do not agree;
For could we see his Image in your Heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than ere his Glass
Reflected.

Flo. Madam, I am not yet so very Old,
That I should Dote.

Cam. Nor yet so very Young, but you may Love.
Dotage and Love are Cozin-germans, *Flora.*

Smiling.

Flo. Yes, when we Love, and are not lov'd again;
For else, I think, they're not so near a kin.

Aside.

Cam. I've touch'd a Nettle, and have stung my self.

Porcia *gives* Flora *the Tablets, having lock'd them.*

Por. Make haste, dear *Flora.*

Flo. Madam, I shall
Should I not play my part, I were to blame.

Aside.

Since all my Fortune's betted on her game.
Madam, has *Octavio* the other Key
Belonging to the Tablets,

Por. Yes, yes, I pray make haste.

[*Exit* Flora.

Let us retire, *Camilla*, a little Rest,
And Meditation, may new aids suggest.

THE SECOND ACT.

THE SCENE,

The City of *SEVIL.*

Enter Don Antonio *and* Sancho *in Riding-Cloathes.*

San. SIr, we are arriv'd in very good time.
An. I did not think it would have been so soon,
By an hour at least, but Lovers ride apace.
Why smile you, *Sancho?*
San. Faith at the Novelty of your Amours,
To fall in Love with one, you scarcely saw,
And marry one, you Never saw; 'tis pretty:
But we poor Mortals have another Method.
An. Y'are very pleasant; this, *Sancho*, is the place,
Where I charg'd *Ernesto* to expect me,
Whom I sent before to my Brother-in-Law;
But with this Order, not to let him know,
That I intended to arrive this Evening:
Surprizes in Love-meetings render Men
More welcome, and have more of Gallantry.
San. Since you are here, Sir, earlier than you thought;
Why might you not go shift you at the Post-house?
And be back here, before *Ernesto* come;
Howe're, 'tis better, that he wait for you,
Than you for him i'th' open Street.
An. 'Tis well thought on; come, let's to the Post-house.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Octavio, *and* Diego.

Oct. Come, *Diego*, 'tis time to quit our Lurking-holes,
And to begin our Chase.
Die. Of what, Sir? Bats, or Owls, now the Sun's set?
Call you this making of Love? me-thinks, 'tis
More like making of War; marching all night
In Arms, as if we design'd to Beat up
The Enemies Quarters.
Oct. Why would'st not thou venture as much for *Flora?*
Die. No in good faith, I shall venture enough
If e'r I Marry her; I run no hazard,
(By my good-will) before-hand.
Oct. Thou'st from your Fear, not Prudence, *Diego.*
Die. Sir, you may call it what you please, but I

Dare

Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more Valiant Man, than I, whilst Danger
Does keep its Distance; but when sawcily
It presses on, then (I confess) 'tis true,
I have a certain Tenderness for Life,
That checks my Ardor, and enclines my Prudence
Timely to withdraw.

Oct. Your Style is wondrous civil to your self;
How you Soften that harsh word, call'd Cowardice;
But the Danger is not always evident,
When you are pleas'd, my Friend, to Run away.

Die. It may be so, Sir, not to Vulgar eyes;
But I have such a peircing sight, that can
Discover Perils out of others Ken;
Which, they not seeing soon enough to Shun,
Are forc'd t'Encounter; and then their strugling
Is, by th'unwarie world, taken for Courage.

Oct. You have more Light, *Diego*, I see, than Heat;
But I'l allow your Wit and Honesty
To come to Composition for your want
Of Courage; though it be a Quality
I may have use of; but we lose our time.
Was ever Lover's Fate so rude as mine?
Condemn'd to Darkness, forc'd to hide my Head,
As well as Love? and to do me a Spight,
Fortune has Contradictions reconcil'd,
I am at once a Prisoner, and Exil'd.

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

Ant. Me-thinks, *Ernesto* should not tarry long,
If not already come; *Sancho*, how call you
The Street there just before us? where you see
Yon Gentleman with his Cloak o're his face?
I have quite lost the memory of this place.

San. I am as much to seek, as you, Sir.

Ant. Let us go to him, *Sancho*, and enquire;
He has a notable good Meen; me-thinks,
I meet an Air more like *Octavio's*.

Oct. Unless my eyes do very much deceive me;
'Tis *Don Antonio*; if it be he, *Diego*,
There is no danger in his knowing us;
He ever was my faithful friend; 'Tis he.

Octavio *lets fall his Cloak from before his face.*

Ant. You injure me, *Octavio*, to be so long
A knowing one, who is so intirely yours.

They embrace.

Oct. Your presence here, noble *Antonio*, was
So unexpected, that I hardly durst
Believe my eyes; When came you to this Town?

Ant. I am just

Dare

Oct.

Oct. I joy to see you here; but should have thought
It likelier to have heard of you at Court,
Pursuing there the Recompences due
To your transcendent Merit.

Ant. That is no place for men of my Moralitie.
I have been taught, *Octavio*, to Deserve;
But not to Seek Reward; that does prophane
The Dignity of Virtue; if Princes
For their own Interests will not advance
Deserving Subjects; they must raise Themselves
By a brave Contempt of Fortune.

Oct. I'm glad to find in you some Seeds yet left
Of th' Antient Virtue; may they Fruit produce
Fit to Illustrate, and Instruct the Age.
Let me once more embrace you, Sir; Welcome,
Brave Leader.

Ant. Oh, you must spare your Servants, Sir.

Oct. He has not liv'd i'th' reach of publick Fame,
Who has not heard your noble Character;
This is my house; be pleas'd, Sir, to go in,
And make it yours; though truly at the present
I am in a very ill condition
To receive the Honor of such a Guest;
Having by an unlucky accident,
Been forc'd of late to keep my self conceal'd.

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but cannot yet
Receive that favour; for I here must stay
Expecting the Return of one, I sent
Before to town to my Brother-in-Law.

Oct. Have you a Brother-in-law in *Sevil*?
You surprize me much.

An. It is most true, *Octavio*, I come hither
A Marri'd man, as far as friends can make me.

Oct. Since it imports you not to miss your Servant,
Let us stay here without, untill he come;
And then go in, and rest your self a while.
But how go our publick Affairs in *Flanders*?

Ant. I left our Armies in a better state,
Than formerly.

Oct. And our brave *Vellada* (I suppose) in great
Reputation.

Ant. The Honor of our Country, and the Terror
Of others; Fortune consulted Reason,
When she bestow'd such Favours upon him.

Oct. They say he did Wonders at the Relief
Of *Juliers*.

Ant. It was indeed a famous Action.

Oct. You'l much oblige me, if whilst you expect

Your Servant here, I might learn from your ſelf
Some few particulars of your own Actions;
Fame ſpeaks Loudly of them, but not Diſtinctly.

Ant. " Fame, like Water, bears up the Lighter things,
" And lets the Weighty ſink; I am not us'd
To ſpeak in the Firſt perſon; but if needs
You'l have a ſtory to fill up the time,
I'l tell you an Adventure of mine own,
Where you'l find Love ſo intermixt with Arms,
That (I am confident) 'twill raiſe your wonder,
How being prepoſſeſs'd with ſuch a Paſſion,
I ſhould (upon Prudential motives onely)
Be ingag'd (as now you find me) to Marry
A Lady whom I never ſaw.

Oct. The Perſon, and the Subject, Sir, do challenge
My beſt attention.

After a little pauſe.

Ant. The following Evening to that glorious Day,
Wherein our great *Vellada* gain'd ſuch Fame,
Againſt the cautelous *Naſſaus*; ſome Horſe,
Were ſent from th' Armie, under my command
To cover the *Limbourg* Frontiers, expos'd
To th' Enemies Inroads; ſcarce ſetled there,
I receiv'd intelligence, that a Party
Of theirs (about two hundred Horſe) were come
That very Evening to a neighbouring Village,
Intending there to lodge; I inſtantly
Cauſe Sound to Horſe, and march to their Surprize
So luckilie, that by the break of day
Their Quarters were on fire.

Oct. You had been taught, Sir, by our wiſe General,
That Diligence in Execution is
Even above Fortune, Miſtris of Succeſs.

Ant. They made but faint reſiſtance; ſome were ſlain,
Some periſh'd in the flames, others eſcap'd,
Giving th' Alarm in Quarters more remote
To their Companions drown'd in Sleep and Wine;
Who, at the Out-cry, and the Trumpets ſound,
Me-thinks I fancie ſtarting from their Beds,
As pale and wan, as from their Dormitories
Thoſe the laſt Trump ſhall rouze; differing in this,
That they awake to Live, but theſe to Die.

Oct. How Unſafe it is to be Secure!

Ant. Finding no more reſiſtance, I made haſte
To a lofty Structure, which I conceiv'd
To be the likelieſt Quarter for their Chief;
Led thither by deſire to reſcue both;
Him, from the Soldier's rage; That, from the Fire.

Oct. A care moſt worthy of a gallant Leader.

Ant.

Ant. But think, *Octavio*, how I was surpriz'd,
When, on the floor of a *Pavillion*,
Belonging to the Garden of that House,
I found a Woman of a Matchless Form,
Extended all along.
Oct. I easily can divine how such a Heart,
As harbours in the brave *Antonio*'s breast,
May suffer at so Sad a Spectacle.
Ant. At the first sight I did believe her Dead;
Yet, in that state so Awful she appear'd,
That I approach'd her with as much Respect,
As if the Soul had animated still
That Body, which, though Dead, scarce Mortal seem'd.
But as the Sun from our *Horizon* gone,
His Beams do leave a Tincture on the Skies,
Which shews it was not long since he withdrew;
So in her lovely face there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those Vermillion Beams,
Which us'd t'irradiate that bright Firmament.
Thus did I find that distress'd Miracle,
Able to Wound a Heart, as if alive,
Uncapable to Cure it, as if dead.
Oct. I no more doubt your Pitty, than your Wonder.
Ant. My Admiration did suspend my Aid,
Till Passion join'd to Pitty, made me bold;
I kneel'd, and took her in my arms, then bow'd
Her body gently forward; with which motion,
A Sigh stole from her; O th'ravishing sound!
Which being a *Symptom* of remaining life,
Made me forget it was a sign of Grief.
At length she faintly opens her bright eyes;
So breaks the Day; and so do all the Creatures
Rejoice, as I did, at the new born Light:
But as the *Indians*, who adore the Sun,
Are scorch'd by's Beams, ere Half his Race be Run;
So I, who did adore her Rising Eyes,
Found my self Wounded by those Deities.
Oct. How you have rais'd my Expectation!
Pray release me quickly.
Ant. From her fair hand a bloody Poniard fell,
Which she held fast during her Trance, as if
Sh'ad onely needed Arms whilst she did Sleep,
And trusted to her Eyes whilst she did Wake. when
What I said to her, being a production
Of meer Extasie, I remember not;
She made me no Reply, yet I discern'd
In a Serener Air of her pale face,
Some Lines of Satisfaction mix'd with Fear.

Oct. Such looks in Silence have an Eloquence.
But pray go on.

Ant. Rais'd from the ground, and to her self return'd,
I ſtept a fitting diſtance back; as well
To gaze upon that lovely Apparition,
As to expreſs Reſpect; when at that inſtant
The Trumpets ſound a Charge; my Soldiers crie,
Where is our Leader? where's *Antonio?*
My Love a while diſputed with my Honor,
But that the longer ſetled Power o't-came,
And fear of Future danger to her Perſon
Made me then ſeek the Preſent for my ſelf;
I came up to my Troops, left in Reſerve,
As they were ready to receive a Charge
From divers Squadrons of freſh Horſe, who being
Quarter'd in Neighbouring Villages, had taken
Hotly th' Alarm, and came (though then too late)
In ſuccour of their friends; Honor and Love
Had ſo inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd
Beyond the Rules of Conduct, and receiv'd
So many wounds, that I with faintneſs fell.

Oct. How can this Story end!

Ant. My Soldiers beat th' Enemy, and brought me off,
Where Surgeons quickly cur'd my Outward Wounds,
But the remembrance of that *Heroine*,
My Inward Hurts kept bleeding ſtill afreſh;
Till by the buſineſs of the War conſtrain'd
To attend my Charge i'th' Army, my deſpair
Of ever finding her, concurring with
The powerful perſwaſions of *Vellida*,
I was at length even forc'd to an Engagement
Of Marriage with a Lady of this City,
Rich, Noble, and, as they ſay, Beautiful.
And ſo you have me here, come to Conſummate
Thoſe Nuptial Rites, to which my Intereſt,
And th'Importunity of Friends advice,
O're-rule my judgment, though againſt my heart.

Oct. A wonderful Adventure! but pray, Sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
Who may this noble Lady be, to whom
The Fates have deſtin'd ſo much Happineſs?

Ant. I have no Reſerves for you, 'tis the Siſter
Of-----

Enter Erneſto, *and* Octavio *retires haſtily, and covers his face with his Cloak.*

Antonio *holding to* Octavio.

It is my Servant, Sir.

Oct.

Oct. Step to *Antonio*, *Diego*, and desire him
To send him off.

Ant. I will immediately; Well, *Ernesto*, *Diego goes to Antonio, and whispers.*
What good news? speak freely.

Ern. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your Brother-in-Law,
I thought you hardly could be there this night;
He kisses your hands, and bad me tell you,
That he expects your coming with impatience;
He charg'd me to present you with this Letter;
Th'other is from your beauteous Bride, a person
The most accomplish'd that I ever saw.
My being yours gave me the privilege
Of a Domestick, in the free admission
To see her in her Chamber-dress, without
A Veil, either to cover Faults, or hide
Perfections.

Ant. Tell me truly, is she so very handsom?

Ern. Handsomer far in my opinion, Sir,
Than all the *Bruxels* Beauties, which you call
The Finish'd Pieces; but I'l say no more;
Let your own Eyes inform you; here's a Key
Of the Apartment, that's made ready for you;
A Lower Quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
That opens on *St. Vincent*'s Street.

Ant. Give it me; and go you to the Post-house,
And take care that my things be brought from thence.
[*Exit* Ernesto.
Octavio, will you go along with me,
And be a Witness of my first Address?

Oct. Sir, you choose in me an Ill Companion
For Nuptial Joys, or any Happiness;
One, whose Misfortunes to such sad Extremes
Are heightned, that the very Mentioning
Of Happy hours serves onely to Imbitter
The memory of my Lost Joys.

Ant. So deep a sense of your Misfortunes, Sir,
Is prejudicial to your Self and Friends.

Enter Flora *in haste.*

Flo. Where's your Master, *Diego*?

Die. There's some Ill towards, when this Bird appears, *Aside.*
Do you not see him? 'has liv'd too long a Maid.

Flo. I have something to say to you in private, Sir, *Goes to Octavio.*
That requires haste.

Oct. What new Accident brings you hither, *Flora*?

Flo. These Tablets will inform you, Sir, Farewell. *She draws Octavio aside, and puts up her Veil.*

Die. Will you not stay for an Answer *Damsel*?

Flo. 'Tis a Command, not a Question *Diego*.

Die. Short, and Sweet, *Flora.*

Oct. Good *Flora* ſtay a Minute; I much fear
It is ſome new Misfortune.

Die. Nay, Sir, you may be ſure 'tis ſome Diſaſter,
Elſe it would ne'r have come ſo Eaſily,
And ſo Unſought for.

Bowing to Antonio. *Oct.* Will you allow me for a Moment, Sir,
To ſtep into my Houſe, and read a Letter.

Ant. I'l attend you in, and wait your leiſure.

[*Exeunt all but* Diego.

Die. Theſe little black Books do more Devils raiſe,
Than all the Figures of the Conjurers.
What can this be? I have not ſeen this *Damſel*
With ſo buſie a face; but here ſhe comes
Already, 'twas a quick diſpatch.

Enter Flora, *and ſeems to go away in haſte.*

Die. A Word, *Flora*, or a kind Glance at leaſt,
What? grown cruel? *Diego* no body w'you?

Flo. This is no time for fooling.

Die. Nay, if you be ſo ſerious, fare you well;
Yet I'l perform the Honor of our Street,
And bring you to the end on't.

Flo. I ſhall be well holp up with ſuch a Squire;
If now ſome wandring Knight ſhould chance t'aſſault you,
To bear away your *Damſel*, what would you do?

Die. I'd uſe no other Weapon but a Torch;
I'd put aſide your Veil, ſhow him your face,
That, I ſuppoſe, would guard us both.

Flo. Why, d'you think it would fright him, *Diego*?

Die. Oh no, 'twould charm him, *Flora.*

Flo. Well, ſuch as 'tis, I'l venture it without
Engaging your known Valour.

Die. Faith you may ſo;
The face, dear *Flora*, defends all below.

Flo. Away, you Fool; Good-night to you.

[*Exit* Flora.

Enter Octavio *and* Antonio.

Oct. What may this be? O my Malignant Fate!
The Warning's ſhort, yet ſhe muſt be Obey'd;
The hour draws near; I muſt go ſeek a Friend; *Aſide.*
Her words ſeem to imply need of a Second;
'Twere barbarous to engage *Antonio*
Newly arriv'd, and come on ſuch an Errand.
Noble *Antonio*, my confuſion's great
To tell you thus abruptly, I muſt leave you;
Th'occaſion's indiſpenſable.

Ant.

Ant. I must not quit you, Sir, I know too well
The Laws of Honor, to desert you now:
When I my friend in such disorder see,
And all the Marks that he is call'd to Danger,
To leave him then--------
Oct. It is a Summons from a Lady, Sir,
Whom I have lov'd with Passion and Success;
To meet her in her Garden presently:
All is propitious on her part and mine;
But she's so Guarded by a Tyrant Brother,
So Jealous naturally, and so Incens'd
By that new Accident I told you of,
Which makes me a close Prisoner all the day;
That to perswade you there no Danger is
In this Adventure, were to abuse you;
But even for that reason I am bound
Not to consent to the Imbarking you
In an occasion that's so opposite
To what you come for; *Antonio*, We must
As well to Friends as to our Selves be just.
Ant. He ought not to pretend to Friendships name,
Who reckons not Himself and Friend the same.
Oct. Friendship with Justice must not disagree,
That were to break the Virtue's Harmony.
Ant. Who in his Friends Distresses takes no part,
His Friendship's onely in his Tongue, not Heart.
Oct. You from a life of Perils hither come
To find a Nuptial Bed, not seek a Tomb.
Ant. My Friend ingag'd, it never must be said,
Antonio left him so to go to Bed.
Oct. Y are marri'd, and expose what's not your own.
Ant. Wedded to Honor, that must yield to none.
Oct. I find, *Antonio*, you must still subdue.
Ant. I ow my Triumph to my Cause, not You.
Come, we lose time, your Mistris must not stay.
Oct. Who's so accompani'd, needs not fear his way.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE THIRD ACT.

The SCENE is,

DON HENRIQUE's Houſe.

Camilla, Porcia, Flora *appear in a* Balcone.

Por. COme, Cozin, the hour aſſign'd approaches.
Cam. Nay, more than ſo, for 'tis already night.
Flo. And thanks to your Stars ſufficiently dark.
Por. To the Clowds you would ſay, *Flora*, for Stars,
In this occaſion, would not much befriend us.
Pray, Cozin, when *Octavio* ſhall arrive,
Do you and *Flora* watch above with care;
For if my cruel Brother ſhould ſurprize us------
Cam. Let us alone to play the Sentinels.
Flo. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not
Suddenly return; for I heard him ſay,
He'd paſs th'Evening at the *Corigidors*;
And thence, you know, he ſeldom comes home early.

Enter Antonio, Octavio, *and* Diego, *with their Cloaks o'r their faces, and their Swords undrawn in their hands.*

Ant. Is it not ſomething early for Adventures
Of this Nature?
Oct. 'Tis the Hour ſhe appointed.
Ant. How dark 'tis grown o'th'ſudden, there's not one
Star appears in all the Firmament.
Die. So much the better; for when I muſt fight,
Aſide. I covet no Spectators of my Proweſs.
Oct. Stay you here, *Antonio*, I'l ſtep before,
And give the Sign; when you here the door open,
Then come on, and follow me in.

Enter at the other ſide of the Stage Henrique *and* Carlos.

Henr. The *Corigidors* is a pretty place.
Car. The Walks do ſo intice me, I always
Wearie my ſelf, before I can retire.
Henr. Indeed we have ſtaid longer than we thought,
And therefore let's go home the ſhorter way;
The back door of my Garden's here at hand.
Car. It will be better than to go about.
Above. *Por.* Would he were come, I fear the Riſing Moon
Will give us little time.
[Octavio *knocks upon the Hilt of his Sword.*

Por.

Por. I think I hear his usual Knock; Who's there? *Above in the Balcone.*

Oct. 'Tis I.

Por. I hope y'are not alone.

Oct. No; here's *Diego* with me, and a Friend.

Por. 'Tis well; I'l open the door presently. Porcia *comes down.*

Henr. Come; we are now hard by the Garden gate.

Oct. Let's to the door; sure she's there by this time; Be not afraid *Diego.*

Die. Agree that with him that made me, who has Given me a Heart no bigger than my Thumb; Y'had as good command me not to Breath.

Oct. Come on; what art thou thinking on?

Die. That I see Company, or that my Fear does.

Oct. Y' are in the right; let's to avoid suspit on Walk on at large, till they are out of distance. [*The noise of a Lock.*

Car. I think I heard your Garden door open.

Henr. I think so too; Ha! at this time o'th' night? What can be the meaning on't? 'Tis so.

Ant. They have open'd the door; 'tis time for me To follow, surely *Octavio* is gone in.

[Antonio *moves towards the door.*

Por. What stay you for? *Holding the door half open.*

Henr. What's that I hear? sure 'tis *Porcia's* voice. *He goes to draw his Sword.*

Por. You may come in securely, *Octavio*; I have set those will watch my Brothers coming. *Setting open the door.*

Ant. Madam, I am not *Octavio.*

Por. Not *Octavio*? who are you then? and who's That Shadow there?

Henr. I can hold no longer; I'm thy Chastiser, Vile Woman, and his Mortal Enemy. *Draws his Sword.*

Ant. Ha! my Mortal Enemy?

Henr. Yes, Villain; who ere thou art, thou shalt pay This Treacherie with thy Life.

Ant. Vain Man; who ere thou art, know, the Life thou Threaten'st, is Guarded by too good a Sword.

} Carlos *draws, and they all enter the* } *Garden fighting.* *To* Carlos.

Henr. Make fast the door.

Henr. Thou art some desperate Villain hir'd to murder. *In the Garden.*

[Octavio *and* Diego *come to the door.*

Ant. Hir'd by Friendship, and Honor's my Sallary.

[*A noise of fighting within.*

Oct. That's *Antonio's* voice within the Garden; What! the door shut! my Friend engag'd, and I *Runs to the door and finds it shut.*

Excluded! curſed Fate! this Tree may help me
To climb o're; if not, I'l flie t' him.

He climbes up.

Die. You may do ſo; your noble Love has Wings,
And's ever Fledge; 'tis Molting time with mine;
Yet I'l up too; the hazards not in climbing;
Here I will ſit, and out of dangers reach;
Expect the Iſſue.

The Scene changes to a Garden, out of which they iſſue fighting.

Oct. Courage, brave Friend; you have *Octavio* by you.
Ant. So Seconded, a Coward would grow firm.
Henr. What! is there more of your crue? then 'tis time
To call for help; Ho! *Sylvio, Geraldo, Pedro*, come forth, and bring our Torches with you.

Enter Sylvio *with his Sword drawn.*

Sylv. Here am I, Sir; my Camerades will follow
As ſoon as they have lighted their Torches.

They fight.

Ant. How I deſpiſe theſe Slaves *Octavio*,
Having you by me!

In the Tree.

Die. Their Swords do clatter bravely in the dark.
Sylv. I'm ſlain. [Sylvio *falls.*
Die. Good; that's *Sylvio*'s voice; I have ow'd that Fellow
A Good-turn this Twelve-month for a Miſtake,
Breaking my Head, when he ſhould have Broke a Jeaſt:
Now he's paid.

{ Henrique *ſtepping back falls over* Sylvio, *and loſes his Sword, and* Carlos *runs in to him.*

Car. What! are you hurt?
Henr. No, onely I fell; Help me to find my Sword.
Oct. What? d'you give back? you do well to take breath,
Whilſt you have any left; 'twill not be long,
Now that the Riſing Moon lends us ſome light.

The Riſing Moon appears in the Scene.

[Porcia *runs out to* Octavio.

Por. O *Octavio*! let not this moment ſlip
To Free me from my cruel Brother's Fury,
Or never hope to ſee me any more
Amongſt the living.

[Octavio *leads her away by the Arm.*

Oct. Ah! Noble Maid, he that is once poſſeſs'd
Of ſuch a Treaſure, and ſafe-guards it not,
Let him live Wretched, and Deteſted die;
Where's my brave Friend?
Ant. You have me by your ſide, lead off your Miſtris,
I'l ſecure your Retreat.

In the Tree, pointing to thoſe who are going off.

[*Exeunt* Octavio, Porcia, *and* Antonio.

Die. That doubtleſs is my Maſter, who victorious
Is bravely marching off with his fair Prize;

I'l

I'l down, and follow, inventing all the way
Some handſome Lie t'excuſe my Cowardice;
Why liv'd not I five thouſand years ago,
Being ne'r made for this damn'd Iron Age?

{ Diego *comes down from the Tree,*
{ *and follows* Antonio.

Car. But whilſt my care led me to ſuccour you, *Having help'd up* Henrique.
Our Enemies, I fear, are got away;
I heard the door open, and ſee none here,
Although the Night's much brighter grown than 'twas;
I'l follow, and trace the Villains if I can
To their Dens; mean while take care of your Siſter;
And (pray) till my return be Moderate.

Henr. How! Moderation in this caſe! what ho!
Geraldo, *Pedro*, ah ye curſed Rogues,

Enter Servants with Torches.

Durſt ye not ſhew your heads till they were gone?
Geraldo, light me in, whilſt *Pedro* looks
To his hurt Companion; ah *Porcia*! *Porcia*!

{ *Exeunt* Henrique *and* Geraldo; Pedro *carries out*
{ Sylvio *fainting with his hurts.*

The Scene Changes to the City of *SEVIL.*

Enter Octavio, Porcia, Antonio, *and a little after* Diego, *and after him* Carlos.

Die. Sure, that's *Antonio* bringing up the Rere; *Pointing to* Carlos.
Sir, th'are but juſt before us; he bears her
Moſt gallantly away; loſe not ſight of me.

Car. This Fellow takes me for one of his Crew;
He will by his miſtake help me to harbour 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

[Camilla *and* Flora *appear in the* Balcone.

The Scene changes to *Don Henrique's* Houſe.

Cam. Was there ever ſuch a Diſaſter, *Flora*?
Sure, th'are all dead, ſo great's the Silence.

Flo. Madam, if I miſtake not very much,
I heard your Brother's voice amongſt 'em.

Cam. Ah! my dear Brother, how thy ill-plac'd Friendſhip
Upon that Brutal Kinſman has abus'd
Thy Goodneſs; though my Natural affection
Moves me, *Flora*, to Pitty him in Danger,
Yet my Concernment for my Cozin *Porcia*
Does prevail at preſent; *Porcia*, *Porcia*;

No

No body answers.

Flo. Madam, let us go down into the Garden.

Cam. Take heed of that; 'twere to involve my self
In this unlucky Scandal; 'tis possible,
Affrighted with the Scuffle, she's return'd
Into her Quarter by the other door;
Let us hast thither.

They go down and enter upon the Stage.

Flo. Oh! Madam, I see a Light, and *Don Henrique*
Coming this way with his Sword drawn, what shall
We do?

Cam. Peace; let us hide our selves behind the door,
Till we discover his Intentions.

They go behind the door.

Enter Henrique, *and* Geraldo *with a Torch, and* Pedro *with a Light*; Henrique *and* Geraldo *their Swords drawn.*

Pedr. Sir, I have search'd all the Rooms of the House,
And cannot find her.

Henr. Base Infamous Woman; may be she's fled
To th' Quarter order'd for *Antonio*.

Pedr. That door is lock'd, his Servant has the Key.

Henr. Ah this unworthy Woman! thus to rob
A Brother of the Fruits of all his Care;
And cast this Stain on th' Honor of our House;
But if I ever get the Fugitive
Within my reach, I'l Sacrifice her Blood
To the Offended Spirits of my Ancestors.

Flo. Madam, d you hear?

Cam. I, and tremble, *Flora*.

Henr Call out for her Woman.

Pedr. Flora, Flora.

Enter Flora.

Flo. My good Angel Guard me; what would you have Sir?

Henr. Where's your Mistris, Hussy?

Flo. She told me, Sir, 'bout half an hour since
She would go down into the Garden. [*Exit* Flora.

Henr. My Shame is certain; ah! the sad condition
Of us Men of Honor! how unequally
Our Crosses and our Comforts mingled are!
Our Orphan Sisters are no sooner grown
Above the Follies of their Childish Age;
During which Season Custom does exact
Our Watchful Caution over all their Actions;
But they are Grafted on some Stranger Stock,
Where they do change both their Aboads, and Names,
Without Reflexion in the least Degree
Of Gratitude, on those, who Pain'd themselves
To Cultivate their Youths; or else become

An

An Hourly Torture to us, whilſt the beſt
Continu'd in our Care do never ceaſe
To give the Fears at leaſt of what I feel.
O unjuſt Heavens! why ſuffer you that they,
Who to our Joys of Life ſuch Bubbles are,
Should add ſuch Weight unto our Griefs, and Care?
Ah *Porcia*, *Porcia*!

Enter Carlos.

Car. Cozin, I'm much miſtaken, or I have
In very Little time made a Great Progreſs
Towards your Revenge; I come from harbouring
The Villains, who have done you this Affront.
Cam. It imports to be attentive now.
Henr. Oh, you revive me, may I but once enjoy
The Pleaſure of my Revenge, though the next
Moment were the laſt Period of my Life,
I ſhould depart contented; are the Villains
Within our reach?
Car. Be patient, Sir, and I'l inform you fully;
You were no ſooner up, but I purſu'd
Your flying Enemies, hoping the night
Grown ſomewhat Lighter, would enable me
(At a convenient diſtance) to diſcover
The place of their Retreat; one of their Partie,
Who was behind the reſt, miſtaking me
For one of his Camerades, bad me come on;
Saying his Maſter was but juſt before;
That he had born his Miſtris bravely off.
We had not paſt above a Street or two,
Before he ſtopt, and at the ſecond Houſe
Beyond the Church in *St. Iago*'s Street,
He enter'd, and deſir'd me to follow him;
I making a ſtand, he grew ſuſpicious,
And from my Silence gueſſing his Miſtake,
He ſlipt into the Houſe, and lock'd the door;
I having well obſerv'd the Street and Houſe,
Return'd with ſpeed to give you this account.
Flo. Oh, *Madam*, this is *Don Octavio*'s Houſe;
Without all doubt they've carri'd *Porcia* thither.
Cam. Peace, *Flora*, and liſten to the ſequel.
Hen. Come, Cozin; we looſe time; call all my Servants;
I will beſiege the Houſe; if they refuſe
To render; I will reduce that Theater
Of my Shame to Aſhes, and make their Fort
Both Theirs and its own Sepulchre; There are
Such Charms in Vengeance, that I do not wonder,
It is reſerv'd for him, who form'd the Thunder.

Car. Have patience, Cozin, and consult your Reason;
'Twill soon convince you, how Unpracticable
And Vain your Proposition is, t'attempt
At this time of the night, within a City,
A House so Guarded, That, indeed, would prove
Very like Thunder, which the Clowd destroys
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing only Noise.
What can the Issue be, but to Allarm
The Town; expose your Person, and your Fortune
To th' Rigour of the Law; publish your Shame;
And frustrate your Revenge for ever?

Henr. What! would you have me tarry till these Villains,
Who have invaded my House; Affronted
My Person; Murder'd my Servant; and Robb'd
Me of a Sister; may evade my Vengeance?

Car. No; fear not that; let me alone to find
A certain way to hinder their escape;
I'l instantly to the *Corrigidors*,
And beg th'assistance of his Authority,
To secure these Criminals for the present;
That afterwards the Law may punish them.

Henr. A fine Proposal! why, Cozin, can you think
That I'll submit a Personal Injury
Unto a tame Decision of the Law?
And having been Affronted by the Sword,
To pray the Aid of the Long Robe, and take
An Advocate for Second?

Car. Your Provocation's great, Resentment's just;
But, Cozin, the Greater they, the More you stand
In need of Moderation, and th'Advice
Of such a Friend, as you have always found me;
Nor can I e'r express it more than now,
In freely telling you, you must not suffer
Your Passion to Command in this Occasion;
" Passion, which wheresoever it contends
" To Govern most, there most Destroys its Ends.

Henr. Oh! how I hate your drie Moralitie!
To treat a Friend with Sentences, that's raging
In a Feaver; you may as well pretend
To teach a Man to Sing his Part, that's stretch'd
Upon a Rack; no, Sir, I'l sooner die,
Than ere consent to publish my Disgrace,
Before I have Reveng'd it.

Car. 'Tis far from my intent; all my design
Is onely how we may Conceal your Shame,
Till we have got these Villains in our Power.
Which can be brought about by no such means,
As by demanding Justice against those,

Who

Who did assault your Person, and have slain
Your Servant; a most plausible pretence.
Will this content you? trust my Conduct Cozin;
Is not my Interest the same with yours?

Henr. Well, since it must be so, I pray make haste.

Car. Doubt not my diligence; by this I'l prove
Friendship has Fire, and Wings as well as Love.

Henr. If you could Flie, you'd move with too much Leisure;
Ah tedious Minutes which Revenge does measure!

[*Exit* Carlos.

Flo. Madam, y'have heard their mischievous design.

Cam. Yes, *Flora*, out of question *Porcia*'s there;
And if they find her, she is lost for ever.

Flo. I'le try to Hinder it, though I were sure
To Perish in th' attempt; I am confident
The House at present is in such confusion,
I may run thither without being miss'd.

Cam. 'Tis well thought on; in th'interim I'l retire
To *Porcia*'s Chamber. [*Exeunt from behind the door.*

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Sir, *Don Antonio* is just now arriv'd.

Henr. Ha! what's that you say Sirrha?

Ger. That *Don Antonio*, Sir, your Brother-in-law
Is without, walking i'th' Hall, and bad me
Give you notice of it, shall he come in?

Henr. Antonio arriv'd! O Heavens! this Circumstance
Alone was wanting to complete my Shame.
When he desires to See his Wife, shall I
My self inform so generous a Person
That she is Run away? where shall I find
A Heart, a Tongue, a Voice, or Breath, or Face
To utter this unparallel'd Disgrace?

Ger. What is your pleasure, Sir? *Don Antonio*
May think it long.

Henr. Wait on him in, but at the same time tell him
You cannot find me; I will leave my House,
And the discovery of my Shame to Fate;
And any Censure rather undergo,
Than be Relater of my own Disgrace;
Till first I have my Honor's Ransom paid
In the Vile Blood of that perfidious Maid.

[*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Antonio *and* Ernesto.

Ant. My Friend and his fair Mistris safely lodg'd,
And free from their Adventure; 'tis now fit
To mind my own Engagement; But *Ernesto*,
What can the meaning be of this indecent

Suffering

Suffering me to remain without thus long
Upon my first Arrival? come, let's go on
Into the other Rooms.

Ern. I swear, Sir, I'm amaz'd at this great change;
'Tis not above two hours, since I found here
A numerous and well-order'd Family,
In all appearance, now I see the Pages
Bouit out of the doors, then start back again
Into their holes, like Rabbets in a Warren;
The Maids lie peeping at the Garret windows,
Like th' Upper Tire of Ordinance in a Ship;
All looks disorder'd now; nor can I guess
What may have caus'd so strange an alteration;
But there I see the Servant you sent in.

Enter Geraldo.

Ant. Friend, where's your Master?

Ger. I cannot tell, Sir.

Ant. Where is his Sister?

Ger. In truth I know not, Sir; we Men-servants
Have little to do in the Ladies Quarters.

[*Exit.* Geraldo.

Ant. This looks but odly; are you sure *Ernesto*,
Y'have not misguided me to a wrong House?

Ern. If you are certain that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the same House
Wherein this afternoon I saw, and spoke with
Don Henrique and your Bride; by the same Token
There was a Lady with her in a Veil;
And this very Room is the Ante-chamber
To her Apartment.

Ant. I should be finely serv'd, if after all
This Negotiation, and a tedious Journey,
My Pains and Patience should be cast away
On some such wither'd *Sybil* for a Wife,
As her own Brother is asham'd to show me.

Ernesto *goes towards the door.*

Ern. You'l soon be freed from that fear, Sir.

Ant. How so?

Ern. Because I see her in the Inner Room,
Lying along upon her Couch, and Reading;
Her face is turn'd the other way, but yet
Her Shape, and Cloathes assure me it is she.

Ant. Art sure 'tis she?

Ern. There are not many like her.

Ant. If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'l venture in,
Without her Brother's help to introduce me.

Ern. She's coming this way, Sir.

Camilla *Enters Reading.*

Cam. Y'have reason, *Dido*, and 'tis well remarqu'd,
"The Woman, who suffers her self to Love,
"Ought likewise to prepare her self to Suffer;
There was great Power in your Charms, *Æneas*,
T'enthrall a Ladies heart at first approach,
And make such early and such deep Impressions,
That nothing, but her death, could ere deface.
Alas! poor *Dido*!

Ant. What do I see; or do I waking dream?
Sure I am asleep; and 'tis a Vision
Of her, who's always present to my Thought;
VVho fearing my Revolt does now Appear
To Prove and to Confirm my Constancy.
When first I saw that Miracle, she seem'd
An Apparition, here it must be one.

Antonio *seeing her, stands as if amaz'd.*

Ern. What fit of Frenzy's this, Sir? why 'tis *Porcia*,
A Lovely Living Woman, and your Bride.

Ant. The Blessing is too mighty for my Faith.

Ern. Faith! ne'r trouble your Faith in this occasion,
Approach her boldly, Sir, and trust your Sense.

Ant. As when we dream of some Transporting Pleasure,
And finding that we Dream we fear to Wake,
Lest Sense should rob us of our Fancie's Treasure,
And our Delightful Vision from us take;
Bless'd Apparition, so it fares with me:
That very Angel does once more appear,
To whose Divinity long since I rais'd
An Altar in my Heart, where I have Offer'd
The constant Sacrifice of Sighs and Vows.
My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust 'em;
Bliss above Faith must pass for an Illusion;
If such it be, O let me sleep for ever
Happily deceiv'd; but Celestial Maid,
If this thy glorious Presence Real be,
O let one word of Pitty raise my Soul
From Visional Delights, and make me die
With Solid Joy instead of Extasie.

Ern. 'Slife! he's in one of his old Fits again;
VVhy what d'you mean, Sir? 'tis *Porcia* her self.

Cam. I am that Maid, who to your Virtue owes
Her Honor then, and her Disquiet since;
Yet in my Pain I cannot but be Pleas'd
To find a Stronger Passion justifi'd
By Obligation; I may avow the Fire,
To which both Love and Gratitude conspire.

Ant. Incomparable Creature! can it be?

That having Suffer'd all, which mighty Love
Did e'r inflict, I now should be repaid
With fuller Joys, than Love could ever give;
Fortune to make my Happiness complete,
Has joyn'd her Power, and made me find a Bride
In a Lost Mistris, but with this Allay,
Of leaving me no Means my Faith to prove,
Since Chance anticipates the Hopes of Love.

Cam. The Servant's Error has misled the Master,
He takes me too for *Porcia*, bless'd Mistake;
Assist me now Artful Dissimulation;
But how can that consist with so much Passion?
'Tis possible the Sense of my Distress'd
Condition might dispose a Gentle heart
To take Impressions then, which afterwards
Time, and your Second Thoughts may have Destroy'd;
But can a Constant Passion be produc'd
From those Ideas Pitty introduc'd?
Let your Tongue speak your Heart, for should y'abuse me,
I shall in time discover the Deceit;
You may Paint Fire, *Antonio*, but not Heat.

Aside.

Ant. Madam----------

Cam. Hold; be not too Scrupulous, *Antonio*;
Let me Believe it, though it be not True;
For the chief Happiness, poor Maids receive,
Is when our Selves we happily Deceive.

Ant. If, since I first those Conquering Eyes beheld,
You have not reign'd Unrival'd in my Heart;
May you Despise me now you are my Own,
Which is, I think, all Curses summ'd in one.
But may your Servant, *Madam*, take the boldness
To ask, if you have ever thought of him?

Cam. A Love, so founded in a Noble Heart,
Has need of no Remembrancer, *Antonio*;
You know your self too well; those of your Trade
Have skill to Hold, as well as to Invade.

Ant. Fortune has lifted me to such a Height
Of Happiness, that it may Turn my Brain,
When I look down upon the rest o' th' world.
What have I now to wish but Moderation
To Temper, and to Fix my Joys?

Cam. I yield as little t' you, noble *Antonio*,
In Happiness, as Affection, but still
Porcia must do as may become your Bride,
And Sister to *Don Henrique*, in whose absence
A longer Conference must be excus'd.
And so I take the freedom to withdraw.

Should I have ſtaid untill *Don Henrique* came,
His preſence would have marr'd my whole deſign. } *Aſide.*
[*Exit* Camilla.

Ant. Where Beauty and Diſcretion ſo combine,
'Tis Heaven, me-thinks, to find that Treaſure mine.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Sure *Don Antonio*, having long ere this
Found out th'infamous Flight of my vile Siſter,
Will be retir'd to meditate Revenge
Upon us both: ah Curſe! he is there ſtill;
I'll ſlip away; but, O Heavens! 'tis too late,
He has perceiv'd me.

Ant. How, *Don Henrique*! avoid your Friend? that's come
So long a Journey t'embrace you, and caſt
Himſelf at the feet of your fair Siſter?

Henr. Noble *Antonio*, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you ſhould find
My Houſe in ſuch Diſorder, ſo unfit
The Honor to receive of ſuch a Gueſt.

Ant. 'Tis true, *Don Henrique*, I am much ſurpriz'd
With what I find; I little did expect
Your Siſter *Porcia* ſhould have been----

Henr. Oh Heavens! I'm loſt, he has diſcover'd all. *Aſide.*
'Tis not, *Antonio*, in a Brothers power
To make a Siſter of a better Paſte,
Than Heaven has made her.

Ant. In your caſe ſpecially; for out of doubt,
Heaven never made a more Accompliſh'd Creature.

Henr. What means the Man?

Ant. I come juſt now from Entertaining her:
Whoſe Wit, and Beauty ſo excell all thoſe
Of her fair Sex, whom I have ever known,
That my Deſcription of her would appear
Rather Detraction, than a Juſt Report
Of her Perfections.

Henr. Certainly he mocks me; he never could } *Aſide.*
Have choſen a worſe Sufferer of Scorn;
But I will yet contain my ſelf awhile
To ſee how far he'l drive it; Say you, Sir,
That you have Seen, and Entertain'd my Siſter?

Ant. Yes, *Don Henrique*; and with ſuch full Contentment,
So rais'd above Expreſſion, that I think
The Pains, and Cares of all my former Life
Rewarded with Exceſs, in the Delight
Of thoſe few Minutes of her Converſation;
'Tis true, that Satisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weigh'd Severity; to give me

A greater Pleaſure in the Contemplation
Of her diſcreet Obſervance of the Rules
Of Decency; not ſuffering me, though now
Her Husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a Happineſs, you being abſent.

Aſide. *Henr.* I am confounded; but I muſt diſſemble
My Aſtoniſhment, till I can unfold
The Myſterie; She might have ſpar'd that Caution,
But I ſuppoſe you'l eaſily Forgive
An Error on the Better ſide.

Ant. Sir, I have ſeen ſo much of her Perfections
In that ſhort Viſit, I ſhall ſooner doubt
All Definitions in Morality,
Than once ſuppoſe her capable of Error.

Aſide. *Henr.* This Expoſition makes it more Obſcure:
I muſt get him away. Sir, is't not time
I bring you to your Chamber? It is late,
And I believe that you have need of Reſt.

Ant. I ſhould accept your offer, were I not
Oblig'd, as late as 'tis, to ſee a Friend
Before I go to Bed.

Henr. I'l wait on you, Sir, if you'l give me leave.

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but can't conſent
To give you ſo much trouble; I'l return
Within an hour at fartheſt.

Henr. When e'r you pleaſe; y'are wholly Maſter here.

Aſide. *Ant.* I never ſaw a man ſo Diſcompos'd,
What e'r the matter is.
Erneſto, I muſt make a ſtep to ſee
A Friend near hand; bid *Sancho* follow me;
And ſtay you in my Chamber till I come.

[*Exeunt* Antonio, Erneſto.

Henrique *waits on him to the door.*

Henr. Your Servant, Sir; this ſudden Salley hence
At this time of the night, and newly arriv'd
From a long Journey, does imbroil me more.
But now I will not long be in Suſpenſe;
I'l to my Siſter's Chamber.

Enter Carlos *as* Henrique *is going into* Porcia's *Chamber.*

Car. Ho *Don Henrique*, there is haſte requir'd; all's
Prepar'd, and if the Quarrie lodg'd ſhall prove
Worthy of our own Swords, we may employ them;
If not, the Sword of Juſtice ſhall revenge
Our Injuries; for the *Corrigidor*
Is ready with a Band of Serjeants.

Henr. Speak ſoftly; *Don Antonio* is arriv'd,
And ſome of his may over-hear us.

Carl. That's very unlucky, but does he know

That *Porcia*'s missing?
Henr. I think not yet.
Carl. Come, let's away; we have no time to lose.
Henr. Pray stay awhile; I labour with a Doubt
Will burst me if not clear'd before I go.
Carl. What Cozin! will you loose an Opportunity
Never to be recover'd? are you mad?
Will you permit the Villains to escape;
And laugh at us for ever? come away. [*Exit* Carlos. *He pulls him.*
Henr. Well, I must go; and let time make it out;
" The worst Estate of Human Life is Doubt.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The SCENE is *DON OCTAVIO*'s House.

Enter Octavio *angrily pushing* Diego, *and* Porcia *following*.

Oct. VIllain, thou hast undone us, curs'd Villain;
Where was thy Soul, had Fear quite Banish'd it?
And left thee not one grain of common Sense?
Porc. Was there ever so fatal an Accident?
Oct. Why, Traitor, did'st thou not let me know it,
As soon as we were come into the House?
Die. What would y' have done if ye had known it then?
Oct. I would have sally'd out, and Kill'd the Rogue,
In whose Power thou hast put it to Destroy us;
Can it be doubted, but that long ere this
He has acquainted *Henrique* where we are?
From whose black Rage we must immediately
Expect to encounter all the pernicious
Effects of Malice, back'd by Seeming Justice;
Curse on all Cowards! better far be serv'd
By Fools, and Knaves: they make less dang'rous Faults.
Die. Am I in fault, because I'm not a Cat?
How could I tell i'th'dark whether that Rascal
Was a Knight Errant, or a Recreant Knight?
I thought him one of us, and true to Love;
Were it not for such Accidents as these
That mock Man's Fore-cast, sure the Destinies
Had ne'r been plac'd amongst the Deities.
Oct. Peace, cowardly Slave; having thus plaid the Rogue,
Art thou Sententious grown? did I not Fear
To Stain my Sword with such Base Blood, I'd let

Thy Soul out with it at a thousand wounds.

Aside. *Die.* VVhy then a thousand Thanks to my Base Blood
For saving my Good Flesh.

Oct. Pardon, my dearest Mistris, this Excess
Of Passion in your presence.

Por. What shall we do *Octavio*? we are lost
For ever; if we should stay here, my Brother
Will be upon us instantly. Alas!
My own Life I value not *Octavio*,
Where yours, my Better life, such hazard runs;
But O my Honor! O my Innocence!
Expos'd to Scandal; there's my deepest Sense.

Oct Though the Complexion of your Brother's Malice
Resemble Hell, it is not Black enough
To cast a Stain upon your Virgin Whiteness.
As Contraries compar'd set off each other,
The Sister's Brightness will expose the Brother.

Por. O my *Octavio*! he is still my Brother;
But what do you resolve to do?

Oct. I must resolve and suddenly, but what
I swear I know not, there have been such Turns
In my Misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Por. You must determine, time wastes *Octavio*.

Oct. If I should lead you through the Streets, and meet
Th'inquisitive Justice, I daring not
T'avow my self upon the other score
You know of, you might that way be in danger;
* *To Diego.* We must not venture 't; * Run Rascal, and fetch
A Chair immediately.

Die. A pretty Errand at this time o'th' night;
These Chair-men are exceedingly well natur'd,
Th'are likely to obey a Servant's Orders
After ten a clock. [*Exit* Diego.

Oct. Ye Powers above, why do ye lay so great
A Weight on Human Nature, and bestow
Such an Unequal Force to bear our Loads?
After a long pursute through all those Storms,
Which Hell-bred Malice, or the Power of Fate
Could ever raise, t'oppose a Noble Love;
To be at length possess'd of the Rich Mine,
Where Nature seem'd to have lodg'd all her Treasure;
And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a Trial for my tir'd Patience
To sustain; I cannot bear it.

Por. My Sense of this Misfortune Equals yours,
But yet I must conjure you to submit
To Heavens Decrees; such Resignation
'Tis possible, their Justice may induce

The mischief to divert; though ne'r so near.
Oct. Ah *Porcia* to part with you!
Por. Loose not your self with me, though we are forc'd
To Separate, yet we are not Divorc'd.
Oct. Whilst our Souls act by Organs of the Sense,
'Twixt Death and Parting there's no difference.
Por. Consult your Reason, then you will comply;
Making a Virtue of Necessity.
Oct. Ah lovely Maid, 'twas not allow'd to *Love*
To hold at once his Reason, and his Love.

Enter Diego.

Die. The Chair is come, Sir, just as I expected.
Oct. Where is it?
Die. Even where it was; they are deeply engag'd
At New Cut, and will not leave their Game,
They swear, for all the *Dons* in *Seuil.*
Oct. A curse upon these Rogues! I'll make 'em come,
Or put some of 'em in a condition
To be carri'd themselves.

[Octavio *runs out.*

Die. Madam, though I was never yet Unkind
To my own Person, I am so much troubled
At the Disquiet my Mistake has brought you,
That could I do it conveniently, i'faith,
I could even cudgel my self.
Por. Away Buffon, is this a time for fooling?

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

Ant. Where is my noble Friend *Octavio?*
Die. Did you not meet him at the door, Sir?
Ant. No.
Die. He went out just as you came in.
Ant. Madam, I might have gone to Bed, but not
To Rest, without returning to enquire
Anew of Yours, and of my Friends Condition;
And once more offer you my Service.
Por. I take the boldness in *Octavio*'s absence
To return his with my most humble Thanks
For your late generous Assistance of us,
And for this new Addition to our Debt.
Ant. Madam, though I have not the Happiness
To be Known to you, yet my constant Friendship
With *Octavio* is of an antient Date;
And all Occasions where I may express
The Fervour of it, are most welcome to me.

Addresses himself to Porcia.

Enter

Enter Flora *in great haſte.*

Flo. O *Madam*——— I'm out of breath with running.
Por. What Accident, *Flora*, brings you hither?
Flo. A ſad one, *Madam*, and requiring haſte,
To give you timely notice on't; *Don Carlos*,
Aſſiſted by the light o'th' Riſing Moon,
And by a Miſtake of ſome of your Train,
Has Trac'd you to this Houſe, and in my hearing,
Inform'd your Brother of the Place, and Manner
Of your Retreat, who is now coming hither
Accompani'd with the *Corigidor*,
To ſeize on whomſoever ſhall be found
Within theſe Walls, upon pretence of Murder.
Por. O cruel Accident!
Flo *Madam*, make haſte, get out at the back door;
Or you will certainly be met withall.
Por. How vile a Creature am I now become!
For though in my own Innocence ſecure,
As to my ſelf, t'others I ſhall appear
Some wicked Woman, that has ſold her Honor
To purchaſe Infamy.
Flo. They'l inſtantly be here.
Por. O that *Octavio* ſhould juſt now be abſent!
But to expect till he return were madneſs.
Ant. Y'have reaſon, *Madam*, and if you dare truſt
Your Perſon to the Conduct of a Stranger,
Upon my Honor, Lady, I'l Secure you,
Or Periſh in th'Attempt.
Por. Generous Sir, how ſhall a wretched Maid,
Abandon'd by her Fate to the purſute
Of an Inhumane Brother, e'r be able
Either to Merit, or Requite your Favours?
Ant. *Madam*, they're more than Paid in the Admiſſion,
And your Acceptance of them will transfer
The Obligation, making me the Debtor.
Por. To your Protection I reſign my ſelf,
With equal Gratitude and Confidence.
Ant. Come *Madam*, there is no time to be loſt;
Diego, find out your Maſter preſently,
And tell him, that the Danger not allowing
Our Stay till his Return, I ſhall convey
His Miſtris ſafely to a Nunnerie.
Por. And *Flora*, ſtay you here to bring me word,
What he reſolves to do in this our deſp'rate
Condition. [*Exit* Diego.
Flo. *Madam*, I ſhall.
Going out returns. *Ant.* But ſtay; I ſwear I'd like to have committed

A foul Miſtake; the Monaſtery Gates
Will not be open'd at this time of Night,
Without a ſtrict Inquiry into the Cauſe;
Beſides, 'tis poſſible, that once Lodg'd there,
She may be out of my Friends Power, or mine,
Ever to get her thence if it be known.
Lady, I have thought better on't; I ſhall
Conduct you to my Brother-in-law's houſe;
A Perſon of ſuch Quality, and Honor,
As is fit to engage in your Protection;
And there my Wife may have the Happineſs
T' accompany you, and pay the Offices
Due to your Virtue, and diſtreſs'd Condition:
And going to a Houſe that's ſo much mine,
Make account, *Madam*, 'tis to your own Home.
Sancho, ſtay you here to attend *Octavio*, *Turning to Sancho.*
And guide him the next way to my Apartment;
Here is the Key; I ſhall have little uſe on't,
Having left *Erneſto* waiting for me there.
One word more, *Sancho*; let *Octavio* know
'Tis my advice that he come in a Chair;
He by that means may ſcape Examination,
Should he be met with.

Por. Flora, I pray do you continue here,
And if by any accident *Octavio*
Should hindred be from coming after us,
Obſerve his Motions, and where he Fixes;
Then return home; and I ſhall find ſome way
Of ſending to you to inform my ſelf.

Flo. I ſhall not fail t' obſerve your Orders, *Madam.*

Ant. Madam, I'm ready to wait on you.

Por. Ah cruel Brother! ah my dear *Octavio*!
O how perverſe, and rigorous is my Fate!
Thus to torment me betwixt Love and Hate.

[*Exeunt* Antonio, Porcia.

San. 'Tis no ſmall Compliment my Maſter makes
Your Ladie, and her Gallant, at this time
O' th' night to quit his Brother-in-laws, and leave
So fair a Bride as *Porcia* all alone.

Flo. What? is his Miſtris's name *Porcia* too?

San. Yes; and if ſhe has but as fair a Hand-maid
As your ſelf, I ſhall ſoon forget my Damſel
In the *Low-countries*.

Flo. If your *Low-country* Damſels reſemble us,
You would not be put to't to forget firſt;
But I believe that you are ſafe enough;
I have not heard ſuch Praiſes of their Wit,
But that we may ſuppoſe they have good Memories.

Enter Diego.

Die. Is not my Master yet return'd?
Flo. No.
Die. Well; now have we an Honorable Cause
To wear the Beadles Livery; faith, *Flora*,
If your tender Sex had not been privileg'd
From this harsh Discipline, how prettily
Would the Beadles Crimson Lace show upon
Thy white back.
Flo. 'Twon't do so well as on a darker ground;
'Twill suit much better with your Tawney hide.
San. I pray, Camerade, is it the Mode in *Sevil*
To be Whip'd for Company?
Die. Oh! a well-bred Soldier will ne'r refuse
Such a Civility to an old Friend;
This is a new way of being a Second,
To shew your Passive Courage.
San. We Soldiers do not use to show our Backs.
Die. Not to your Enemies; but, Sir, the Beadle
Will prove your Friend, for your Blood being Heated
With your long Journey, Breathing of a Vein
Is very requisite.
San. Would to Heaven that I were in the Camp again;
There we are never stript till we are dead.

Enter Octavio, *and the Chair-men appear at the door.*

To the Chair-men. *Oct.* Be sure you stir not thence till I return.
Sirrha, where's *Porcia*?
Die. She's fled away i'th' dark, with a Young man
Of your acquaintance.
Oct. Rascal, leave your fooling.
Die. There's none i'th' case, Sir, 'tis the wisest thing
She ever did, had she staid your return,
She would have fall'n into those very Clutches,
In which you will immediately be grip'd,
Unless you make more haste: *Flora* is come
With all possible speed, to let you know
Th'are coming with the Justice to lay hold
Of all within this House, upon pretence
Of a most horrid Murder; be quick, Sir;
And save your self. She's safe in a Nunnerie;
Conducted thither by *Antonio*;
Where, poor Lady, she's dropping for you now
More Beads, perhaps, than Tears.
Oct. Peace Screetch-Owl; Fire consume that Tongue of thine.
What saist thou Villain? in a Nunnerie?
Porcia in a Nunnerie? O Heavens! nothing

But this was wanting to make me Desperate;
What hope's there left ever to get her thence,
After such Accidents as these made Publique?
Ah *Flora*, is it true that my dear *Porcia*
Is gone into a Monastery?

Flo. Once, Sir, 'twas so resolv'd, and *Diego* sent
To give you notice on't; but afterwards
He being gone, they chang'd their Resolutions:
There's one can tell you more--------

Pointing to Sancho.

San. My Master bad me stay to let you know
He has convey'd her to his own Apartment,
In his Brother-in-laws House, a person
So eminent in Quality, and Credit,
That the ingaging him in her, and your
Protection, Sir, may much avail you both;
Besides, she'l have the pleasure there of being
Very well treated by my Master's Bride.
There he'l expect you, Sir, and does advise
Your coming in a Chair, to avoid Question,
In case of any Encounter.

Flo. And my walking by, Sir, as an Attendant,
Will pass you without scruple for a Lady.

Off. I'l take his counsel, he's a generous Friend.
Come Chair-men, away. * Pray, friend, do you guide us.

* *To* Sancho.

Die. Up with your Burden Beasts, and fall forth-with
To your Half-Trot. [*Exeunt.*

{ *The Chair is carri'd over the Stage,*
{ Diego, Sancho, *and* Flora *follow.*
[*A Noise within,* Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Carlos, *the* Corigidor, *and* Serjeants, *pursuing* Sancho, Flora, *and* Diego.

Die. This is one of *Don Cupid*'s pretty Jeasts.
W'are struck upon a Shelf before we could
Put out to Sea.

Flo. Oh, we are undone *Diego*!

Car. You find, Sir, my Conjectures not ill grounded.

To the Corrigidor.

Cor. What are you, Sirrha?

Die. A Living Creature, very like a Man,
Onely I want a Heart.

Cor. Y'are pleasant, Sir, pray Heaven your mirth continue.
Who is that Woman with the Veil?

Die. Let her answer for her self, sh'has a Tongue,
Set it but once a going, and she'l tell
All that she knows, and more.

Cor. Make her discover her face.

[*One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her Veil.*

Car. Hold Friend; Cozin, if it should be *Porcia*,

'Twere

'Twere not fit to expose her here.
Cor. 'Tis very well consider'd, go you to her,
And speak to her in private.
[Carlos *goes towards* Flora.
Flo. 'Tis I Sir, *Flora*, who being commanded
By my Lady--------
Carl. Speak softly prithee *Flora*, 'tis enough;
I understand the rest, and pitty her;
Bid her sit still i'th' Chair, I'l do my best
To save her from the Fury of her Brother.
Flo. He thinks 'tis *Porcia* there, a good Mistake, } *Aside.*
It may secure *Octavio* for the present
* *To* Octavio *in the Chair.* From the hands of this rude Rabble; * Sit still,
They take you for my Mistris Sir, I'l follow
The Chair, and have a watchful Eye on all
Occasions, that may further your Escape.
Car. We have found our wandring *Nymph*.
Cor. Is it *Porcia* her self?
Car. No, 'tis her Woman *Flora* following
The Chair, wherein they were conveying her
To some other place.
Cor. We arriv'd luckily, had we but staid
A moment longer, they had all been fled.
Ser. Will you have us see, Sir, who's in the Chair?
* *To* Carlos. *Cor.* Forbear Fellow! * Her own Folly's punishment
Enough t'a Woman of her Quality,
Without our adding that of Publique shame.
Carl. 'Twas luckily thought on, when you oblig'd
Don Henrique to expect us at your House;
For had he come, and found his Sister thus,
'T had not been possible to have restrain'd
His Passion from some great Extravagance.
Cor. I could not think it fit to let him come;
For one of such a Spirit could ne'r brook
The sight of those had done him these Affronts,
Without invading those strict Rules, which might
Render his Life obnoxious to the Laws.
'Tis better that a business of this nature,
(Chiefly 'twixt Persons of such Quality)
Should rather be reduc'd by Mediation
(If it be possible) to some fair Agreement,
Than to a publique Trial by the Law,
Or, which is worse, some Barbarous Revenge.
Looking upon Diego. *Carl.* This Fellow (if I am not much mistaken)
Is *Don Octavio*'s Man.
Cor. Who do you belong too, Friend?
Die. To no body, Sir.
Cor. Do not you serve?

Die.

Die. Yes Sir, but my Maſter is not himſelf.
Cor. Take his Sword from him Serjeant.
Die. Diego diſarm'd by any other hand
Than by his own? know Friend, it is a Weapon
Of ſuch dire Execution, that I dare not
Deliver it, but to the hands of Juſtice.

The Serjeant goes to take away his Sword.

The Corrigidor *receives the Sword, and gives it to one of his Serjeants.*

Signior, pray call for it, when you come home,
And hang't up in your Hall, then under-write,
This is bold *Diego*'s Sword; O may it be
Ever from Ruſt, as 'tis from Slaughter free.
Cor. Thou art a Fellow of a pleaſant humour.
Die. Signior, I never pain my ſelf for Love,
Or Fame, or Riches, nor do I pretend
To that great ſubtilty of Senſe to Feel
Before I am Hurt, and for the moſt part
I keep my ſelf out of Harms way.
Carl. The Definition of a Philoſopher.
Cor. Come, leave your fooling Sirrha, wher's your Maſter?
Die. I am afraid we are not to be parted.
Cor. Whom do you mean?
Die. My Maſter, my Self, and the Fool your Worſhip
Mentions, for ſure one that had any Wit,
Would never ſerve a Lover Militant;
He had better wait upon a Mountebank,
And be run through the Body twice a week
To recommend his Balſom.
Cor. This Fellow's an Original.
Die. But of ſo ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, Sir, in my Maſters room,
Amongſt the worſt of your Collection.

Enter Serjeants with two Foot-men, and two Maid-ſervants.

Serj. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, we have ſearch'd the Houſe,
From th' Cellars to the Garrits, and theſe are all
The living Cattel we can find.
Cor. Friends take a ſpecial care of that ſame Varlet,
And the Waiting-woman; we'l find a way
To make them tell the Truth, I warrant you.
Flo. O *Diego*! muſt we be Priſoners together?
Die. Why, that's not ſo bad as the Bands of Wedlock, *Flora.*
Cor. Come, let's away; but whither to convey her------
To her own Houſe certainly were not fit,
Becauſe of her incenſed Brother.
Car. If you approve it, Cozin, I'l carry her
To mine; for ſince we ſeek (if poſſible)

The business to compose, she will be there
With much more Decency, and Satisfaction,
And less expos'd to Censure of the World,
Being in a Kinsmans House, and having there
My Sister to accompany her.

Cor. This business cannot be in better hands,
Than yours; and there I'l leave it, and bid you
Good-night.

As the Corrigidor goes out.

Carl. Your Servant Cozin, I wish you well home.
Cozin, you may be pleased to take your Serjeants
Along with you; there are without two Servants
Belonging to *Don Henrique*, they'l suffice
To guard our Prisoners, and with far less notice.

Cor. Come Serjeants, follow me.

To the Footmen and Maids.

Carl. Well, you may go about your business, Friends,
I'l not be troubled with ye; I am glad
We did not find *Octavio* here; though I
Might unaffected Ignorance pretend,
I would not bring him (though by chance) t'his End.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

San. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And since there is no notice taken of me,
I'l fairly steal away, and give my Master
Account of this Misfortune. [*Exit* Sancho.

Carl. Take up the Chair, and follow me.

[*They take up the Chair.*

Die. A Lovely Dame they bear, 'tis true, she's something
Hairie, but that's a sign of Strength.

Carl. Make haste, I long to let *Don Henrique* know,
That his lost Sister is by my dexterity
Recovered, and I hope to find some means
To calm his Furie, and to repossess
My Cozin *Porcia*, and (if't be possible)
Octavio of his good Graces. Come away.

[*The Chair is carri'd off.*

Die. How like an Ass he'l look, when op'ning the Shell,
His Worship finds within so rough a Kernel.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene Changes to *Don Antonio's* Apartment in *Don Henrique's* House.

Enter Antonio *and* Porcia.

Ant. Madam, banish all your Fears, you are now
Safe in this House; be pleas'd to remain here,
Till I shall bring some Lights, and acquaint *Porcia*
With th' Honor she receives in entertaining

So

So fair a Gueſt.

Por. Who is't you ſay you will adverti ſe Sir?

Ant. My Wife *Porcia*; have but a little patience,
And ſhe ſhall wait upon you. [*Exit* Antonio.

Por. Is her name *Porcia* too? I pray Heaven ſend her
A better Fate than her diſtreſſed Names-ſake.
O *Octavio*! O Love! how dear do you
Coſt me! where am I brought? what Houſe is this?
What with my Fears, and Darkneſs, I have loſt
All my meaſures; I can't ſo much as gueſs
What Quarter of the Town it is w'are in,
For to avoid th'Encounter of my Brother,
And his Revengeful Train, we have been forc'd
To make ſo many Turnings, I am Giddy.
But thanks to Providence I have this comfort,
That I am in a place out of his reach.

Enter Antonio *with two Lights, and ſets them on the Table.*

Ant. Madam, my Wife will preſently attend you.
Pardon I pray my abſence for a moment.
[*Exit* Antonio.

Por. Now I begin to hope my Sighes, and Tears,
Have in ſome ſort with the juſt Heavens prevail'd
At length to free me-------- * But what do I ſee! * *Looking about her.*
Am I awake, or is it an Illuſion?
Is not this my Brother's Houſe? Is not this
The Quarter joining to my own Apartment?
There is no room for Doubt, and my Misfortunes
Are always Certain; Miſerable Creature,
That I ſhould be thus Bandi'd up and down
From one Hazard t'another, greater ſtill.
Ah cruel Heavens! what have I ever done
To deſerve this laſting Perſecution?
But how came I here? brought by *Octavio*'s friend,
Upon whoſe Virtue I did ſo relie
That I my Brothers Malice durſt defie.
Can he betray me? ſure I am in a Dream.
But if *Octavio*-------- O vile Suſpition!
Octavio falſe? no, Truth and He are one.
'Tis poſſible his Friend may guilty be;
But to what end ſo baſe a Treacherie:
And if Perfidious, how could he be his Friend.
I am confounded with the various forms
Of my Misfortunes, Heightned ſtill the more,
The leſs I can their Hidden Cauſe explore.
This onely's evident, that I muſt flie
Immediately this fatal place; But why
Struggle I thus with Fate? ſince Go, or Stay;

Death

She weeps. Death ſeems alike to wait me every way.

Enter Antonio *and* Camilla.

Aſide. *Cam.* I wonder much what Lady this can be *Antonio* mentions.

Ant. Pardon, my deareſt Miſtris, the Liberty
Which I ſo early take; but I preſume
Such is your Generous Tenderneſs to thoſe,
Whoſe ſad Misfortunes, not their Faults, have driven
Into Diſtreſs, that you will think your ſelf
Oblig'd to him, who gives you the occaſion
To exerciſe thoſe Virtues which do Viſit
Others, but Reſide with you; This fair Lady------
But ſhe will beſt relate her own ſad Story;
Whilſt I ſeek out *Don Henrique*, and engage him
Both to Protect and Serve her with his Credit.

[*Exit* Antonio.

Upon Camilla's *approach* Porcia *takes the Handkerchief from her Eyes.*

She runs after Antonio. *Cam.* Ha! what's that I ſee? ſtay, ſtay *Antonio*.
It is not fit *Don Henrique*,----- but he's gone,
And we are loſt for ever.

Porc. O Heavens! is this *Antonio*, the ſame Man
To whom I am Betroth'd? then my Deſtruction
Is inevitable.

Cam. Are you an Apparition? or are you
Porcia her ſelf? ſpeak, that when y' have ſaid it thrice
I may not yet believe you.

Por. You well may Doubt even what you See *Camilla*;
Since my Diſaſters are ſo new, and ſtrange,
They ſever Truth from Credibility.

Cam. How is it poſſible you ſhould be here?

Por. I know not how, onely of this I'm ſure,
I have not long t'expect the diſmal end
Of my ſad Tragedy; ſince 'tis evident
The Perſon that hath led me to this Place,
This fatal Place, is the abus'd *Antonio*;
Who with my Cruel Brother has conſpir'd
To take away my wretched life, and choſe
This Scene as fitteſt for their Cruelty.
And thus, ſtrange Fate! (through ignorance betraid)
I have Protection ſought from the ſame Partie,
Whom I have Injur'd, and have made my Husband
Th'onely Confident of his own Affront:
Who to accompliſh his too juſt Revenge,
As well upon my Family, as Perſon,
Gives me up to be Murder'd by my Brother.

So whilſt I'm branded as a Faithleſs Bride,
He'l be deteſted as a Parricide.
Cam. Prodigious Accident! but were thou blind
Not to know thine own Houſe unhappy *Porcia*?
Por. Alas, how could I in ſo dark a Night,
In ſuch Confuſion, and ſo full of Fear?
Beſides, he brought me in by the Back way,
Through his own Quarter, where was neither Light,
Nor any Creature of the Family.
Cam. Although I cannot comprehend the ſteps
Of this your ſtrange Adventure, yet dear Cozin,
Your caſe (as I conceive) is not ſo deſperate.
Por. "We eaſily perſwade our ſelves to hope
"The things we wiſh; but Cozin, my condition
Will not admit Self-flattery, and what
Can you propoſe to temper my Deſpair?
Cam. Don't you remember, how this very Evening
Antonio's Man finding me in your Quarter
Without a Veil (you having put on mine)
That he appli'd himſelf to me, and I
By your command, your Perſon did aſſume?
Por. Yes very well.
Cam. The Maſter ſince has by the Man's Miſtake
Been happily led into the ſame Error,
And I not diſabus'd him yet, in hopes
It might produce Advantage to us both.
Por. Oh! he has ſpoken with my Brother ſince,
Who ſure has Undeceiv'd him long ere this.
No, without doubt they having found themſelves
Affronted both, have both conſpir'd my death.
Cam. How Cozin can that be? if *Don Antonio*
In your Protection has engag'd himſelf,
And is *Octavio*'s Friend.
Por. Cozin, if you impartially reflect
On the Affront which I have done *Antonio*,
You will not wonder much if he recede
From the ſcarce-troden Path of rigid Honor
To meet with his Revenge; and to that end
Proceeds thus cautelouſly, and does feign
Not to know me, that he may diſavow
Both to *Octavio*, and to all the world,
Th'Infamy of Betraying a poor Maid
To loſs of Life and Honor.
Cam. Misfortunes make you rave; this vile Suſpition
Is inconſiſtent with *Antonio*'s Fame:
You may as well believe that Nature will
Reverſe the order of the whole Creation,
As that *Antonio*, a Man, whoſe Soul

Is of so strong, and perfect a Complexion,
Should ere descend to such a slavish Sin.
And if we had the leisure, I could give you
Such reasons to convince you of your Error,
That you would easily acknowledge it.

Aside. *Por.* I had forgot her near Concernments for *Antonio.* Pardon and Pitty me *Camilla*;
My mind is by Afflictions made so Weak,
I'm ready to believe Impossibilities.

Cam. I Pitty thee with all my heart; but Cozin,
If *Antonio* not knowing you, nor your
Relations, should chance to find your Brother,
And him inform of what has pass'd, and that
He has convey'd the distress'd Partie hither,
He'l presently imagine it is you;
And then (I fear) 'twill be impossible
(Though he should interpose with all his power)
To stop the Torrent, or divert his Rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid Parricide, which (though too late)
It may be he himself would execrate.

Por. There's too much ground for what you fear *Camilla*:
But if we could secure our selves this night,
There were some hopes that we to morrow may
Engage both *Don Antonio*, and your Brother
To find out some Expedient to redeem me
From this deplorable condition.

Cam. Were you onely in pain for your Security
This night, I know an easie Remedy
For that.

Por. Which way my Dearest?

Cam. Why what does hinder us from making use
(On this occasion) of the secret Door,
By which (you know) you have so often past
Into our House (upon more pleasing Errands?)
By this we shall these Benefits obtain;
Of Safety from your Brothers present Fury,
And time to try if *Carlos*, and *Antonio*
May be ingag'd to mediate in this Business.
And I have cause to think you will not find
Antonio so implacable, as you
Imagine.

Por. I conceive you Cozin; Fool that I was,
To think a Heart once Conquer'd by your Eyes
Should e'r become another Virgin's Prize.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. So late; a Guest in's House; that's come so far;

On

On such a Business; and not yet come home? *Aside.*
There's something in't I cannot comprehend.
I cannot, *Madam*, yet find out your Brother,
But sure 'twill not be long ere he return.
Then I'l acquaint him with the Accident
Has made his House this Ladie's Sanctuary.
Por. Here is a glympse of comfort, for I see
He takes my Cozin for *Don Henrique*'s Sister; } *Aside.*
O bless'd Mistake so luckily continu'd!
Cam. I am by his permission Mistris here,
And since that I am pleas'd Sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the Account
Of her sad Story.
Ant. Yes, Madam, as to th'Excuse, but 'twere fit
He knew it too, that we might serve our selves
Of his Credit in this Ladie's Protection.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Though I did promise the *Corrigidor* }
Not to stir from his House, till his return,
Yet I could not obtain it of my self;
I'm so impatient to unfold the Riddle } *Aside.*
Of *Don Antonio*'s seeing of my Sister,
And entertaining her in her own Lodgings;
I shall not now be long i' th' dark. * O Heavens! *He sees her.
'Tis she her self, and *Camilla* with her:
Were all my Servants mad, or all agreed
T'abuse me, in affirming she was fled?
But *Don Carlos*, was he mad too, to swear
That he had trac'd her to an other House?
Certainly I, or they must be Possess'd;
Or some Inchantment reigns within these Walls.
Ant. O here comes *Don Henrique*, I'l now acquaint him
With your sad Story *Madam.*
Cam. I fear we are undone.
Ant. Don Henrique-------
Por. I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder him------
Ant. Here's a Lady with your Sister *Porcia*------
Henr. Yes, Sir, I see who 'tis.
Ant. Since you know her Sir, you will the eas'lier
Excuse my boldness.
Henr. Boldness, in what Sir?
Ant. To have been th' occasion of your finding her
Here, with your Sister, at this time of night.
Henr. Lord Sir, what do you mean?
Ant. Truly there was a Necessity in it,
Which will, I hope, excuse my Intercession
With you in her behalf.

Por.

Por. Now all comes out.
Henr. I understand you Sir, she does desire
To pass this night with *Porcia*, to assist her
In ordering her Nuptial Ceremonies:
Let her stay here a God's name.
Por. If he does not dissemble, my Condition } *Aside.*
Is not so desperate as I imagin'd.
Ant. I hope you'l pardon this great Liberty;
So early a Confidence will need it, Sir.
Henr. 'Tis more than enough Sir, that you desire it,
Th'Occasion too does justifie her stay.
Ant. 'Tis most true Sir, the Occasion did inforce me
Thus boldly to presume upon your Friendship.
Henr. Ha' done for Heavens sake, is it a Novelty
Think you for *Porcia*, and her Cozin-Germin
To pass a Night together?
Ant. Is she so near a Kinswoman of his? }
Strange Inadvertence in her not to tell me } *Aside.*
Her relation to him, when I nam'd him first. }
I'd made fine work on't had I told him all. }
Looking on the Ladies. *Henr.* She knows I owe her many a Good-turn
Upon *Octavio*'s score, and hope ere long
To be able to repay her to the full.
Por. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms?
Cam. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
But I begin to fear that he knows all.
Henr. Since 'tis so late, pray give the Ladies leave
To retire to their Chambers; Go in Sister.
Ant. My Brothers Words, and his Behaviour } *Aside.*
Imply some Mystery; I must be silent
Till I discover more.
Por. Let us be gone, w'are lost if we stay here;
I'm confident he counterfeits this Calm
To disguise his Revenge, until *Antonio*,
And the rest of the House are gone to Bed.
Cam. But we shall ne'r be able to get out
Whilst they continue in the outward Rooms.
Por. Yes, by the Garden-dore, but I'm afraid
'Tis shut.
Cam. No; now I think on't, *Flora* went that way,
And left it open.
Por. Come, lett's be gone; I hope Heaven does ordain
Ease by that Door which first let in my Pain.
[*Exeunt* Porcia *and* Camilla.
Ant. I'l onely make a step Sir, to my Lodging,
And then return to you immediately.
Henr. Pray give me leave to wait on you.
Ant. I humbly thank you Sir, I know the way,

And

And shall not stay above a Moment from you.

Hent. Y'are Master here, Sir.

Ant. I'l now go see whether my Servant *Sancho*
Has brought *Octavio* to my Apartment,
As I directed him. [*Exit* Antonio.

Hent. Heavens! was there ever so strange a Mystery!
Don Carlos he affirm'd that those we fought with
Had convey'd *Portia* away, and when I come
To seek her in the House I find her missing,
To second this, her Waiting woman *Flora*
Tells me that she went down, about that time,
Into th' Garden; *Antonio*, not long after,
Affirms that he both saw, and entertain'd her
In her own Apartment, where I now find her,
And *Camilla* with her: What can this be?
These sure are Riddles to pose an *Oedipus*;
But if by my own Sense I am assur'd
My Honor's safe, which was so much in doubt,
What matter is it how 'tis brought about.

THE FIFTH ACT.

The SCENE is

DON CARLOS's House.

Enter Diego, Flora, *and* Geraldo *accompanying the Chair, groaping as i' the dark.*

Ger. DAme *Flora*, and Signior *Diego*, go in there.
And you my Friends, set down the Chair i'th' door;
And when the Party's enter'd, pull it to;
'Twill lock of 't self; that done, you may be gone:
There's Mony for you; I'l go fetch a Candle.
[*Exit* Geraldo.

Diego, and Flora *go in, and the Chair being set in the door,* Octavio *goes out into the room, the Chair-men clap to the door, and go away.*

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora, *at another door.*

Oct. What! put in all alone here i' the dark! *Groaping as i' th' dark.*
And the door shut upon me! *Diego, Flora.*

Die. Here am I Sir, and *Flora* too, unless
My Sense of feeling fails me.

Oct. I can't conjecture where we are; I durst not

So much as peep out of the Chair, ſince *Flora*
Gave me the warning; but where e'r I am,
'Tis better far than in the Serjeants hands.

Flo. Though now i'th' dark, I know well where we are:
I have too often walk'd the Streets, *Octavio*,
From your Houſe hither, upon *Cupid*'s Errants,
Not to know the back door of *Carlos*'s
Apartment; 'tis there I am ſure w' are now.

Oct. Curſe on thee, *Flora*! had'ſt thou loſt thy wits
Not to let me know it ſooner! think'ſt thou
I ſhould have tamely ſuffer'd them to bring me,
Like a poor Bird ſhut in a Cage, t' a place,
Where I muſt look for nothing but Deſtruction.

Die. A Gypſie told me by my Palm long ſince,
A four-fac'd Damſel ſhould be my deſtruction.

Flo. Suſpend a while your Apprehenſions, Sir;
You may eſcape before the Candles come;
The door was wont to open on this ſide;
If not, I have another way in ſtore.

[Octavio *goes to the door.*

Striving to open the door.

Oct. Flora, I cannot make the Lock go back.

{ Ger. *unlocks it on the other ſide, and coming in with a Candle, meets with* Octavio, *and ſtarting back and ſtumbling lets the Candle fall, then running out again locks faſt the door.*

Die. Nay then, i'faith, w' are faſt; I heard him give
The Key a double Turn.

[Diego *takes up the Candle.*

Here's a fair Trial for your Maiden breath,
Flora blow 't in again, let's owe your Mouth
More Light, than yet your Eyes could e'r impart.

Flo. Light's caſt away on ſuch an Owl as you;
But yet I'l trie.

[Flora *blows the Candle in.*

Die. Thanks, gentle *Flora*, to your Virgin Puff;
'Tis a Strong breath that can o're-come a Snuff. [*Aſide.*
But I had rather 't had been let alone:
If I muſt needs be ſlain, unleſs it were
Behind my back, I'd have it i' the dark;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own preſence.

Oct. What muſt we do *Flora*? all my hope's in you.

Flo. There is yet room for Hope; there's a Back-ſtairs
Beyond that inner Chamber, that goes down
Into the Garden, if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is eaſie.

Oct. Come, let's loſe no time; prethee guide us *Flora.*

[*Exeunt.*

The

The Scene changes to *Don Henrique's* Houſe.

Enter Don Henrique.

Henr. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my Honor
Leſs Deſperate than I thought, I cannot reſt
Till I have drawn from *Porcia* a Confeſſion
Of the whole Truth, before ſhe goes to bed;
She's in her Chamber now, unleſs by new
Enchantments carried thence.

As he is going towards Porcia's *Chamber,*
Enter Carlos *in haſte.*

Carl. I can't imagine what ſhould make *Don Henrique*
Quit the *Corrigidors* till we return'd:
One of his Servants tells me he's come home.
O here he is; now ſhall I raiſe a ſtorm *Aſide.*
Which (if we do not take a ſpecial care)
Will ſcarce b' allaid without a ſhowr of Blood;
Yet I muſt venture't, ſince it ſo imports
Our Friendſhip, and the Honor of our Houſe.
Happineſs is a ſtranger to Mankind,
And like to a Forc'd Motion, it is ever
Strongeſt at the beginning, then Languiſhing
With time, grows weary of our company;
But to Misfortunes we ſo ſubject are,
That like to Natural motion they prove ſtill
More Vigorous in their Progreſs.

Henr. What means this Philoſophical Preamble?

Carl. You'l know too ſoon I fear.

Henr. Don Carlos, I am now ſo well recover'd
From all m' Inquietudes, that for the future
I dare defie the Malice of my Stars
To cauſe a new Relapſe into Diſtemper.

Carl. Cozin, I'm ſo ſurpriz'd with this great change,
That my Confuſion does ſuppreſs my Joy;
But ſince y'are ſo much Maſter of your Paſſions,
I'l ſpare my *Ethicks*, and proceed to give you
In ſhort the Narrative of our ſucceſs;
The *Corrigidor* (as we did expect
Forward to ſerve you in th'Affair I mention'd)
Was pleas'd to go along with me in perſon,
With a ſtrong Band of Serjeants, to the place,
Where I attended by your Servants led him:
Cozin, 'twas there; it wounds my heart to ſpeak it;
And I conjure you ſummon all your Patience:
'Twas there I found--------

Henr. Whom Cozin did you find? for ſince I'm ſure

You

You found not *Porcia* there; my Concernments
In your Diſcoveries are very unlikely
To diſcompoſe me.

Carl. I would to Heaven we had not found her there.

Henr. What's that you ſay, Cozin, my Siſter there!

Carl. Yes Sir, your Siſter.

Henr. My Siſter! that's good i'faith: ha, ha, ha.

Carl. Why do you laugh? is the Diſhonor of
Your Family become a Laughing Matter?
This is a worſe Extreme me-thinks than t'other.

Henr. How can I chooſe but Laugh to ſee you Dream;
Awake for Heavens ſake; and recall your Senſes;
Porcia there ſaid you?

Carl. Yes Sir, *Porcia* I ſay; your Siſter *Porcia*;
And which is more, 'twas in *Octavio*'s Houſe.

Henr. Why ſure y'are not in earneſt, Cozin.

Carl. As ſure as you're alive I found her there.

Henr. Then you tranſport me, Sir, beyond all patience:
Why Cozin, if ſhe has been ſtill at home,
Antonio ſeen, and entertain'd her here,
Accompani'd by *Camilla*; if even now
I left them there within; Is't poſſible
You ſhould have found her in *Octavio*'s Houſe?
To be here, and there too, at the ſame time,
None ſure but *Janus* with his double face
Can e'r unfold this Myſtery.

Carl. Sir, let me adviſe you; Abuſe not your ſelf:
I tell you poſitively I found her there:
And by the ſame Token, her Waiting-woman
Flora was there attending her.

Henr. Flora! dear Cozin, do not ſtill perſiſt
Thus to affirm impoſſibilities.

Carl. Sure you are making ſome Experiment
Upon my Temper, and would fain provoke
My Patience to ſome ſuch high Diſorder,
That I ſhould ne'r hereafter have the face
When you are in your Fits to play the *Stoick*.

Henr. Cozin, I ſwear to you upon my Honor,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,
Since I did ſpeak with *Porcia*, and your Siſter
In that very Apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my Siſter's Chamber.

Carl. And Sir, I ſwear to you upon my Honor,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,
Since I left *Porcia* carried in a Chair
From *Don Octavio*'s Houſe, your man *Geraldo*
Conducting the Chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By *Flora*, whilſt I came to find you out

T' acquaint

T' acquaint you, Sir, with this unpleasing news:
But fit for you to know as soon might be.
Henr. This Question, Cozin, may be soon decided;
Pray come along, her Chamber's not far off.
Carl. And my House is but the next door, let's in.
Henr. You'l quickly find your Error.
Carl. And you'l as soon be Undeceiv'd; but stay,
Here comes your Servant, whom I left to Guard her;
He'l instantly convince you of the Truth.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. O Sir!
Henr. What brings you hither *Geraldo*?
Ger. O Sir, I bring you such rare news, your Enemy,
Your Enemy *Octavio*-------- I'm out of breath.
Henr. What does the Varlet mean?
Ger. Sir, I suppose *Don Carlos* has inform'd you
That he left me to see your Sister *Porcia*,
With *Flora*, and *Diego Octavio*'s Man
Safely convey'd t'his House.
Carl. See now *Don Henrique*, who was i' the Right.
Ger. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into *Don Carlos*'s Anti-chamber;
Porcia in the same Chair which brought her thither;
And for more safety made the door be lock'd;
Whilst I went down in haste to fetch a Light.
Henr. As sure as Death this Madness is Infectious;
My Man is now in one of *Carlos* Fits.
Ger. Returning with a Light a moment after,
No sooner open'd I the door, but Heavens!
Who should I see there standing just before me
In the same place where I left *Porcia*, but
Octavio, your Enemy *Octavio*.
Hen. Here is some Witch-craft sure; what can this mean?
Ger. Amaz'd at th' sight, I let the Candle fall;
And clapt the door to; then I double-lock'd it,
And brought away the Keys.
Carl. But how could he get in, if you be sure
You lock'd the door, when you went out for Lights?
Ger. I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after, but of this I'm sure,
That there I have him now, and safe enough.
Carl. I am sorry for it. [*Aside.*
Henr. Let's not, *Don Carlos*, now perplex our selves
With needless Circumstances, when? and how?
Those Queries are too Flegmatick for me;
If the Beast be i' th' Toil it is enough;
Let us go seize upon him; he must die.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Good Brother, what unhappy Man is he,
Whom you ſo poſitively doom to death?
I have a Sword to ſerve you in all occaſions
Worthy of you, and me.

Henr. His intervening, *Carlos*, is unlucky,
How ſhall we govern our ſelves towards him
In this Affair? ſo unfit for his knowledge?

Carl. *Antonio* is a Man of ſhining Honor; } *Aſide.*
But having ſuch a ſhare in this Affront,
If once he know't, I am afraid he'l bring
Fuel, not Water to *Don Henrique*'s Fire.

To Henrique *Don Henrique*, you muſt ſuddenly reſolve
What anſwer to return, he's not a Man
To be put off with any ſlight Pretences;
Nor yet to be engag'd in ſuch an Action,
As bears th'appearance rather of Cruelty,
Than Honor, and you know, *Antonio* needs
No freſh Occaſions to ſupport his Name;
" Who Dangers ſeek, are indigent of Fame.

Ant. I find my coming hath diſorder'd them, } *Aſide.*
There's ſomthing they would fain conceal from me;
All here is diſcompos'd, what e'r's the matter.

Carl. Perhaps 'twere better to ſuſpend a while
The Execution of your juſt Revenge:
Time, and mature weighing of Circumſtances,
Never did harm in Actions of this Nature;
Where one has ſtill the Party in his Power.

Henr. A Curſe on your Tame Propoſition *Carlos*!

Carl. " He, who the Rules of Temperance neglects,
" From a Good Cauſe may produce Vile Effects.

To Antonio. *Henr.* I doubt not of your kind Concurrence, Sir,
In all the near Concernments of a Perſon
Alli'd to you as I am; but Noble Brother,
It were againſt the Laws of Hoſpitality,
And Civil Prudence to engage a Gueſt
(Newly arriv'd after ſo long a Journey)
In an occaſion, Sir, of Blood, and Hazard.

Ant. If ſuch be the occaſion, I muſt then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a Sword,
Which muſt not be excluded from your Service;
I'm ſure you are too Noble t'imploy yours
In any Cauſe not autoriz'd by Honor;
But I confeſs there are Affronts ſo great,
And heightned by ſuch odious Circumſtances,
As do releaſe us from the uſual Forms
Of Generous Revenge; and ſet us free

To tak't on any Advantage.

Henr. Though with Regret I see, Sir, I must yield
To your excess of Generosity;
This onely I shall say to satisfie
Your just Reflections; that my Resentments
Are grounded on Affronts of such a Nature,
That as nothing but the Offender's Life
Can e'r repair them, so as to the Forms
Of taking that Revenge, they can't admit
Of the least scruple.

Ant. Honor's my Standard; and 'tis true, that I
Had rather Fall, than Blush for Victory;
But you are such a Judge of Honor's Laws,
That 'twere Injurious to suspect your Cause.
Allow me, Sir, th'honor to lead the way.

Exit Antonio *and* Henrique.

Carl. If *Portia* be there too, (as I believe)
'Twill prove, I fear, a fatal Tragedy;
But should she not be there; yet 'tis too much
For such a Heart as mine, though Ignorance
To have betraid a Gentleman, though Faulty,
Into such Cruel hands; I must go with them;
But so resolv'd, as in this Bloody strife
I'l salve my Honor, or I'l lose my Life.

Exit Carlos.

The Scene changes to *Carlos*'s House.

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora *with a Candle.*

Flo. O the unluckiness! I vow t'you Sir,
I have scarce known that door e'r lock'd before.

Oct. There's no Remedy *Flora*, I am now
At the Mercy of my Enemies.

Die. Having broken into another's Ground,
'Tis just i'faith, you should be put i'th' Pound.

Oct. The Tide of my ill Fate is swoln so high,
'Twill not admit encrease of Misery;
Since amongst all the Curses there is none
So wounds the Spirit, as Privation.
For 'tis not where we Lie, but where we Fell,
The Loss of Heaven's the greatest Pain in Hell;
When I had sail'd the doubtful Course of Love,
Had safely gain'd my Port, and far above
My Hopes, the precious Treasure had secur'd,
For which so many Storms I had endur'd;
To be so soon from this great Blessing torn;
That's hard to say, if 'twere first Dead, or Born,
May doubtless seem such a transcendent Curse,

That

That even the Fates themſelves could do no worſe;
Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since Fortune, not my Fault caus'd my Diſgrace;
But now my Eyes unto the Earth are bent,
Conſcious of meriting this Puniſhment,
For truſting a fond Maid's Officious Care,
My Life, and Honor's taken in this Snare;
And thus I periſh on this unſeen Shelf,
Purſu'd by Fate, and Falſe unto my ſelf.

He pulls out his Tablets. *Flora*, when I am dead, be ſure that you
Theſe Tablets give to *Portia*; there ſhe'l find,
That to th'Extremeſt Moment of my Life
I conſtantly purſu'd thoſe Noble Ways,
Which might Deſerve her, though I could not Have her.
Give me the Candle.

{ Octavio *ſets the Candle on a Table, and ſits down as to write in his Tablets.*

Die. A double Curſe upon all Love in earneſt,
All Conſtant Love; 'tis ſtill accompani'd
With ſtrange Diſaſters; or elſe ends in that
Which is the worſt of all Diſaſters Marriage.

Flo. Sure you could wiſh that every body living
Had ſuch a Soul of Quick-ſilver, as yours,
That can fix no where.

Die. Why 'twould not be the worſe for you, dear *Flora*,
You then might hope in time to have your Turn,
As well as thoſe, who have much better Faces.

Flo. You, I preſume Sir, would be one o'th'lateſt
Which I ſhould hear of, yet 'tis poſſible
That one might ſee you, before you ſhould be welcom.

Die. She has Wit, and good Humor; excellent
Ingredients to paſs away the time;
And I have kindneſs for her Perſon too,
But that will end with Marriage, and poſſibly
Her good Humor; for I have ſeldom known
The Husband, and the Wife make any Muſick,
Though when aſunder they can play their parts;
Well, friend *Diego*, I adviſe you to Look
Before you Leap, for if you ſhould be Coupled
To a Yoak inſtead of a Yoak-fellow,
'Tis likely you may wear it to your Grave.
Yet, honeſt *Diego*, now I think on't better,
Your Dancing, and your Vaulting days are done,
Faith all your Pleaſures are three Stories high,
Th'are come up to your Mouth, for you are now
For Eaſe, and Eating, th'onely Joys of Life,
And there's no Cook, nor Drie-Nurſe like a Wife.

[Flora *over-hears him.*

Flo.

Flo. I could find Reasons too for Matrimony,
A Stale Maid is a horrible reproach;
I must confess it; and a Waiting-woman
Does onely change a Mistris for a Master;
I may quit her, 'tis true, but not my Husband,
And on the other side she may quit me,
And turn me off, when old, and good for nothing:
A Husband's bound to keep me still; In fine,
For ought I can perceive the Scales are Equal,
I may throw Cross and Pile, which Life I'd have;
The Single Beggar, or the Marri'd Slave;
But hark! the Door within, from whence we came
Is newly open'd, or my Ears deceive me.

Die. Me thought as I heard it too, let us peep in.

[*They look into the next Room, and start back.*

O Sir, w'are lost, I see two Female-Giants *Runs to*
Coming most terribly upon us. *Octavio.*

Oct. Away you troublesome Fool.

Enter Camilla *and* Porcia, *the one with a Key, the other with a Candle.*

Por. I'm confident no body saw us pass
From th'other House.

Cam. However, let's go through my Brother's Quarter,
And open the Back-door into the Street;
'Tis good in all Events t'have a Retreat
More ways, than one.

Por. O Heavens! our surest is cut off, the Wind *A door claps behind, and both look back.*
Has clapt that door to through which we came.

Cam. The Accident's unlucky; 'tis a Spring-lock,
That opens onely on the other side.

Por. Let's on the faster, and make sure of th'other.
Octavio here!

Octavio hearing them starts up with the Tablets in's hand.

Oct. Porcia in this place! may I trust my Senses,
Or does my Fancy create these *Chimeras*?

Die. Either we Sleep, and Dream extravagantly;
Or else the Fairies govern in this House.

[Flora *runs to* Porcia.

Flo. Ah! dearest Mistris, you shall never make me
Quit you so again.

Por. But can that be *Octavio*?

Oct. I was *Octavio*; but I am at present
So much astonish'd, I am not my self.

Cam. What can the meaning of this Vision be?

[Octavio *approaches* Porcia.

Oct. My dearest *Porcia*, how is't possible

To find you in this place, noble *Antonio*
Having so generously undertaken
Your protection?
Por. Did he not yours so too? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd
Than I, to sure destruction; I am loath
To say 'tis he, who has Betraid us both.
Oct. Antonio false? it is impossible.
Die. It is too evident.
Oct. Peace Slave; he is my Friend, of Noble Blood,
Whose Fame's above the Level of those Tongues,
That Bark by Custom at the brightest Virtues,
As Dogs do at the Moon.
Por. "How hard it is for Virtue to suspect.
Ah *Octavio*! we have been both deceiv'd;
This vile *Antonio* is the very Man,
To whom my Brother without my Consent,
Or Knowledge has Contracted me in *Flanders*.
Oct. Antonio the Man to whom y'are Contracted,
Porcia the Bride whom he is come to Marry?
Por. The very same.
Oct. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner?
Por. Alas, I have not seen you since I knew it;
But those Few hours such Wonders have produc'd,
As surpass all Belief, and do require
More time, than your unsafe Condition here
Will allow us to make you understand it.
Cam. Dear Friends, I cannot blame your Apprehensions,
Nor your Suspition of *Antonio*'s Friendship:
But I am so possess'd with the Opinion
Of his great Virtue, that I shall as soon
Believe Impossibilities, as his
Apostacie from Honour.
Oct. What's her Concernment in *Antonio*, *Porcia*?
Por. O, that's the strangest part of our sad Story;
And which requires most time to tell you.

A Blaze of Light appears at the Window, and a noise within.

Por. See, *Flora*, at the Window, what's that Light,
And Noise we hear.

[Flora *goes to the Window.*

Flo. O Madam! we are all undone, I see
Henrique, *Carlos*, and their Servants with Torches
All coming hither, and which is wonderful,
Antonio leading them with his Sword drawn.
Cam. Thou dream'st, distracted Wench; *Antonio* false?
It is impossible.

{ Camilla *runs to the window, and turning back says,*

All she has said is in appearance true,
There's sure some hidden Mystery which thus
Abuses us; for I shall ne'r believe
Antonio can transgress the Rules of Friendship.

Oct. Friendship's an Empty Name, made to Deceive
Those, whose Good Nature tempts them to believe;
There's no such thing on Earth, the best that we
Can hope for here is faint Neutrality.

Por. Ye Powers above! what pleasure can ye take
To Persecute Submitting Innocence?

Oct. Retire, dear *Portia*, to that inner Room,
For should thy cruel Brother find thee here,
He's so revolted from Humanity,
He'l mingle thine, with my Impurer Blood.

Por. That were a kind of Contract; let him come;
We'l meet at once Marriage, and Martyrdom.

Oct. Soul of my Life retire.

Por. I will not leave you.

Oct. Thou preserv'st me by saving of thy self;
For they can murder onely half of me,
Whilst that my better part survives in thee.

Por. I will die too, *Octavio*, to maintain,
That different Causes form the same Effects;
'Tis Courage in you Men, Love in our Sex.

[Octavio *takes hold of her to lead her away.*

Oct. Help me *Camilla*.

Cam. You must be rul'd, your Presence will increase
Your Brother's Fury, and *Octavio*'s Danger.

Por. That Argument is Irresistible.

{ *They retire to the other Room, and* Octavio *waits on them to the door.*

Die. Nay if you are at that, the Devil take
The hindmost; 'tis for your sake, dearest *Flora*,
I shun these Honorable Occasions.
Having no Weapon, Sir, 'tis fit that I
March off with th' Baggage.

Taking Flora *by the hand*

As he goes out with Flora, *turning to* Octavio.

[*Exeunt* Diego, Flora.

Oct. I'm now upon the Frontiers of this Life,
There's but one step to Immortality;
And though my cruel fortune has allow'd me
No other Witness of my Tragick end,
But my Inhumane Murtherers; yet my Death
Shall not Disgrace either my Life, or Love;
To th'other World this Honor I will bear,
That as I still have Liv'd, and Lov'd, so I
Encounter Death with the same Constancy.

Enter

Enter Antonio, Henrique, Carlos, *and* Geraldo, *with their Swords drawn*, Antonio *before the rest.*

Ant. Where is the Man whose Insolence, and Folly
Has thus misled him to Affront my Friend?

Oct. Here is the Man thou seek'st, and he, whom thou
So basely hast Betraid. [Octavio *draws.*

Ant. Oh Heavens! what is't I see? it is *Octavio*,
My Friend.

Oct. Not thy Friend, *Antonio*; but 'tis *Octavio*,
Who by thy Perfidie has been betraid
To this forlorn Condition; but vile Man,
Thou now shalt pay thy Treachery with thy Life.
[Octavio *makes at* Antonio.

Ant. Hold *Octavio*; though thy Injurious Error
May transport thee, it shall not me beyond
The Bounds of Honor; Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing less, than what I find, *Octavio*
In this place.

Henr. What pause is this, *Antonio*? all your Fervour
In the Concernments of your Friend, reduc'd
To a tame Parly with our Enimy?
Do all the Promises, you have made to me,
T'assist my just Revenge, conclude in this?

Oct. Do all the Promises you have made to me,
T'assist my Virtuous Love, conclude in this?

Hen. Where is your wonted Bravery? where your Kindness
To such a near Allie?

Oct. Where is your former Honor? where your Firmness
To such an antient Friend?

Aside. *Ant.* What course shall my Distracted Honor steer
Betwixt these equal, opposite Engagements?

Henr. What, demur still? nay then I'l right my self.
{Henrique *makes at* Octavio, Antonio *turns on* Octavio's *side.*

Ant. Wh'attaques *Octavio* must pass through me.

Aside. *Carl.* I must lay hold on this Occasion.
Good Cozin, I conjure you to restrain
Your Passion for a while, there does lie hid
Some Mystery in this, which once unfolded,
May possibly produce the Means of making
That Reconcilable, which now seems Desp'rate.

Henr. Sweetly propos'd, Sir, an Accommodation?
Think'st thou my Anger's like a Fire of Straw,
Onely to Blaze, and then expire in Smoak?
Think'st thou I can forget my Name, and Nation,
And Barter for Revenge, when Honor Bleeds?
His Life must pay this Insolence, or mine.

[*He makes at* Octavio *again,* Antonio *interposes.*

Ant. Mine must protect his, or else perish with him.

Henr. Since neither Faith, nor Friendship can prevail,
'Tis time to trie what proof you are, *Antonio*,
Against your own near Interest; Know, that Man,
Whom you protect against my just Revenge,
Has seconded his Insolence to me
By foul Attempts upon my Sister's Honor;
Your *Porcia*'s Sir, if this will not enflame you,

[Porcia *endeavours to come out,* Camilla *holds her.*

Por. This Injury's beyond all Sufferance.

Carl. To what excess of Folly does our Rage *Aside.*
Transport us Men! this most Important Secret,
Which Tortures could not have made him discover,
He (onely to advance his blind Revenge)
Has now unforc'd declared to that Person,
From whom, of all men living, he ought most
To have conceal'd it.

Oct. How! I attempt your Sister's Honor *Henrique*?
The Parent of your black Designs, the Devil,
Did ne'r invent a more malicious Falshood;
'Tis true, that I have serv'd the Virtuous *Porcia*,
With such Devotion, and such Spotless Love,
That, though Unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd
To recompence my Passion with Esteem:
By which, she has so chain'd me to her Service,
That here I vow either to Live her Prize,
Or if I Die, to fall Loves Sacrifice.

Ant. O Heavens! what's that I hear? thou blessed Angel
Guardian of Honor, I do now implore
Thy powerful assistance to preserve
That Reputation, which I hitherto
By Virtuous Actions have maintain'd unblemish'd;
In vain, *Don Henrique*, you design to change
My Resolutions; it must ne'r be said,
That Passion made *Antonio* recede
From the strict Rules of Honor; Sir, I tell you,
Nothing can make me violate my first
Engagement.

Henr. Nay, then thou shalt Die too, Perfidious Man;
Ho! *Geraldo*, *Pedro*, *Leonido*.

Enter Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido, *with their Swords drawn, and joyn with* Henrique, Carlos *interposes.*

Carl. For Heaven's sake, Cozin, draw not on your self
The horrid Infamy of Assassinating
Persons of Noble Blood by Servile Hands.

Henr. Do you Defend them too? Kill 'em I say.

Ant. Retire *Octavio*, I'l ſuſtain their ſhock.
Oct. *Octavio* retire?
Ant. Truſt me you muſt, they will ſurround us elſe;
Through that narrow Paſſage they'l Aſſail us
With leſs advantage.

{ *They retire fighting off the Stage:* Henrique *and his Men perſuing them, and* Carlos *endeavouring to ſtop* Don Henrique.

Henr. What d'ye give back, ye Men of mighty Fame?
Ant. *Don Henrique*, you ſhall quickly find 'tis Honor,
Not Fear makes me retire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter preſently Antonio *and* Octavio *at another door, which* Antonio *bolts.*

Ant. Now we ſhall have a breathing while at leaſt
Octavio, and time to look about us;
Pray ſee yon other door be faſt.

{ Octavio *ſhe's to the door where they went out, and* Henrique *bounces at the door they came in at.*

Within. *Henr.* *Geraldo*, fetch an Iron Bar to force
The door.

[Camilla *and* Porcia *peep out.*

Cam. Heaven has heard our Prayers; th'are both ſafe here.
Por. Let's go to 'em *Camilla.*
Cam. 'Tis better to ſtay here a while, and hearken
What Reſolution of themſelves they take.

[Antonio *goes to both the doors to ſee if they be faſt.*

Ant. So, 'tis now as I could wiſh.
Oct. What do you mean, Generous *Antonio?*
Ant. To Kill thee now my Self, having perform'd
What Pre-engagement did exact from me
In your Defence gainſt Others; my Love now
Requires its Dues, as Honor has had his;
There's no Protection for you from my Sword,
But in your Own, or in your frank renouncing
All Claim to *Porcia*; She is ſo much mine,
That none muſt Breath, and have the Vanity
Of a Pretender to her whilſt I Live.
Oct. My Claims to *Porcia* I ſhall ne'r renounce,
But ſtill aſſert them by all noble ways:
Yet, Sir, this hand ſhall never uſe a Sword
(Without the laſt Compulſion) 'gainſt that Man,
Who has ſo much Oblig'd me; no *Antonio*,
You are ſecurely Guarded by the Favours,
You have conferr'd upon me.
Ant. Sir, let not your pretended Gratitude
Enervate your Defence; 'tis not my cuſtom
To ſerve my Friends with Proſpects of Return;

I therefore, Sir, do freely here acquit you
From all the Obligations, you are pleas'd
To own from me.

Oct. You may, Sir, if you please, forbear to add
New Favours to my' account; but you can never
Substract those, which are past; and till that Debt
Be fully paid, I shall not dare t' appear
I'th' Lists against so Generous a Creditor.

Ant. Your Scruples are ill grounded; 'twas *Octavio*
(My antient Friend) whom I design'd to Serve;
Not that Disloyal Man, who has invaded
My Honor, and my Love; "'Tis the Intent
"Creates the Obligation, not th' Event.

Oct. I call those Powers, who both Discern, and Punish,
To witness for me, that I never knew
You e'r pretended to *Don Henrique*'s Sister,
Before I came within these fatal Walls:
This I declare, onely to clear my self
From th'Imputation of Disloyalty,
And to prevent the Progress of your Error.

Ant. How can I think you should speak Truth to me,
Who am a Witness y'have been False to her,
To whom, you now profess so high Devotion.

Oct. I false to *Porcia*! take heed, *Antonio*,
So foul an Injury provokes too much;
But, Sir, I must confess I owe you more,
Than the Forgivness of one gross Mistake.

Ant. Rare Impudence! I must not trust my Senses.

Oct. If we cannot adjust this Competition,
Let us our Fortunes, not our Passions charge
With this our breach of Friendship.

Ant. Leave your Discourses, and Defend your self;
Either immediately Renounce all Claims
To *Porcia*; or this must speak the rest.

Oct. Nay, then, this must Reply.

Shaking his Sword.

They fight.

{*They without bounce at the door, as if they were breaking it open.*}

Por. Why do I doubt? there is no means to save him
From the present danger, but by another,
Perhaps as great, but something more remote;
I'l do't.

{*whilst they fight*, Porcia *breaks from* Camilla, *and unbolts the door, then runs back into her place.*}

Enter Henrique, Carlos, Leonido, Geraldo, *with their Swords drawn.*

Hen. What's this! *Antonio* fighting with *Octavio*!
This Bravery is excessive, Gallant Friend;

Not

Not to allow a ſhare in your Revenge
T' him, who's moſt concern'd; he muſt not die,
Without ſome Marks of mine.

{Henrique *makes at* Octavio, *and* Antonio *turns to* Octavio's *ſide.*

Ant. Nay, then my Honor you invade anew,
And by Aſſaulting him, Revive in me
My Pre-engagements of Protecting him
Againſt all others.

Hen. Why were not you *Antonio* fighting with him?
Were you not doing all you could to Kill him?

Ant. Henrique, 'tis true; but finding in my breaſt
An equal ſtrife 'twixt Honor, and Revenge;
I do in juſt compliance with them both
Preſerve him from your Rage, to Fall by mine.

Carl. Brave Man, how Nicely he does Honor weigh!
Juſtice her ſelf holds not the Scales more Even.

Henr. My Honor ſuffers more as yet than yours,
And I muſt have my ſhare in the Revenge;
Either he muſt renounce all Claims to *Porcia*,
Or Die immediately.

Ant. It is agreed: that he muſt Doe, or Die:
But by no other hand, than mine.

Oct. Ceaſe your Contention, and turn all your Swords
Againſt this Breaſt; whilſt *Porcia* and I have breath,
She muſt be mine, there's no Divorce but Death.

Henr. I'l hear no more, protect him if thou canſt
Antonio. Kill the Slave, kill him, I ſay.

{Henrique *makes at him, and* Carlos *endeavours to interpoſe.*

Carl. For Heaven's ſake hold a Moment; certainly
There's ſome Miſtake lies hidden here, which clear'd,
Might hinder theſe Extremes.

{Henrique *and his Servants purſue* Antonio *and* Octavio.

Cam. Theſe Errors muſt be clear'd, before they grow
Too fatal, but I fear your Brother's fury
Will not admit of Reaſon.

Por. I'm ſure I'l try, though it ſhould coſt my life.

Enter Porcia *and* Camilla *from the Inner Room.*

Por. Don Henrique.

Cam. Antonio, Carlos.

Por. Octavio.

Camilla and *Porcia* together. } Hear us but ſpeak.

Henr. Ha! how came ſhe here?

Carl.

Carl. Did not I tell you that she was brought hither
By my Directions? you would not believe me.
Henr. But how then could *Octavio* come hither?
Carl. Nay, that Heaven knows; you heard as well as I
Your Man's Relation.
Henr. Ah thou vile Woman! that I could destroy
Thy Memory with thy Life.
Ant. Hold, Sir, that must not be. *He offers to run at* Porcia, Antonio *interposes.*
Henr. What may not I do Justice upon her
Neither?
Ant. No Sir; although I have not yet the Honor
To know who she 's, I have this night engag'd
My self, both to Secure, and Serve her.
Carl. He knows not *Porcia*; who was i' the right
Don Henrique, You, or I?
Henr. He not know *Porcia*? whom not an hour since
I saw, and spoke with, entertaining her
In his Apartment; sure we are Enchanted,
And all we see's Illusion.
Cam. Allow me, *Henrique*, to dispell these Charms;
Who is't, *Octavio*, you pretend to? speak.
Oct. You might have spar'd that Question; since none
Knows so well as you, 'Tis *Porcia* I adore.
Ant. *Porcia*'s my Wife; Disloyal Man thou Di'st. *Offers to make at* Octavio.
Cam. Hold Sir; which is the *Porcia* you claim too?
Ant. Can you be'n doubt of that? you know too well
The Conquest, that you made so long ago
Of my surprized heart in *Flanders*.
Carl. Conquest! Surpris'd! *Flanders*! what can this mean?
Henr. New Riddles every moment do arise,
And Mysteries are born of Mysteries.
Cam. Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near an end;
Cozin, it belongs to you to finish it.
Por. To free you from that Labyrinth, *Antonio*,
In which a slight Mistake, not Rectifi'd,
Has involv'd us all; know, th'suppos'd *Porcia*,
Whom you so long have lov'd, 's the true *Camilla*.
Cam. And you, *Don Henrique*, know, *Octavio*
Has always been your Sister's faithful Lover;
And onely Feign'd a Gallantry to me,
His real Passion to Disguise from you:
Ant. * Generous *Octavio*. *Octavio and* Antonio *run to one another and embrace.*
Oct. Brave *Antonio*, how happy are we both!
Both in our Loves, and Friendships!
Ant. Man's Joys do ne'r to their Perfection rise,
Till when by Crosses heightned, they surprize.
Cam. * This, my dear Brother, is that brave Commander, * Camilla *takes* Antonio *by the hand and leads him to*
To whom you owe your Life, and Liberty;
And I much more, the safety of my Honor.

Carl. Is this the Gallant Leader, who rescu'd us
With so much Valour from th'Enemy's hands?
Cam. The very same.
Carl. If you knew him so well, why did not you
Acquaint me with it sooner? 'twas a fault
Camilla.

Drawing Carlos aside.

Cam. Alas, my dearest Brother, Gratitude
Conspiring with the Graces of his Person,
So soon possess'd him of my Heart, that I
Despairing e'r again to see him; and
Asham'd of such a Visionary Love,
Durst never trust my Tongue with my own Thoughts.
Carl. 'Tis enough.

Don Carlos *presents* Camilla *to* Antonio.

Take here from me the Hand of her, whose Heart
Heaven, and your Merits have long since made yours
Without my Knowledge; may her Virtue pay
Some part of that, which we both owe to yours.

Antonio *takes* Porcia's *hand, and kisses it with great respect.*

Ant. Here with your leave, and hers I seal the Vows
Of my Eternal Faith unto you both.
Carl. But let's take heed, *Antonio*, lest whilst we
Are Joying in our mutual Happiness,
Don Henrique's scarcely yet compos'd Distemper
Revive not, and Disorder us afresh:
I like not his Grim Posture; you know well
After a Tempest, though the Wind be laid,
There often does remain for a good while
A dangerous Agitation of the Waves;
He must not yet be trusted with himself.
Ant. 'Tis well thought on, let us go to him.

Octavio *holding* Porcia *by the hand advances towards* Henrique.

Oct. Here, with Respect we wait the Confirmation
Of Heaven's Decrees from your Indulgence, Sir.
This Lady, your Incomparable Sister,
Can witness that I never did invade
Your Passion for *Camilla*; and *Pedro*'s death
Happen'd by your mistaken Jealousie;
The Causes of your Hate being now remov'd,
'Tis just, *Don Henrique*, the Effects should cease.
Henr. I shall consult my Honor.
Carl. You cannot take a better Counsellor
In this Case, than you Own, and Sister's Honor;
What, to secure them both, could have been wish'd
Beyond what Fate hath of it self produc'd?
Henr. "How hard it is to Act upon Constraint.
That, which I could have Wish'd, I now would Flie;
Since 'tis obtruded by Necessity.
Ant. Noble *Don Henrique*, make account of me
To be as truly yours by this Alliance;
As if a Brother's Name subsisted still.

Aside.

Henr. I must consent, I see, or worse will follow.
"He is a Fool who thinks by Force, or Skill "To

« To turn the Current of a Woman's Will.
Since fair *Camilla* is *Antonio*'s Lot,
I *Porcia* yield to *Don Antonios* Friend.
Our Strength, and Wisdom must submit to Fate.
Script of my Love, I will put off my Hate,
Here, take her hand; and may she make you, Sir,
Happier, than she has done me.

Henrique *takes* Porcia *by the hand and gives her to* Octavio.

Enter Diego *and* Flora *from the inner Room.*

Flo. Had such Disorders e'r such a Come-off?
Me-thinks 'twould make a Rare Plot for a Play.
Die. Faith *Flora*, I should have the worst of that;
For by the Law of Comedy 'twould be
My Lot to Marry you.
Oct. Well thought on, *Diego*, though spoken in Jest;
We cannot do, I think, a better thing
In Earnest, than to make them Two Joyn Hands.
What say'st thou to it, *Flora*?
Flo. Indeed I have had so many Frights this night,
That I am e'n afraid to lie alone.
Die. Give me thy Hand *Flora*, it is a Bargain;
I promise thee, dear Spouse, I'l do my best
To make thee first Repent this Earnest Jeast.
Flo. That time shall trie.
Carl. Since this last happy Scene is in my House,
You'l make Collation with me ere we part.
Ant. } Agreed, agreed, agreed.
Oct. }
Die. Sir, you had best make haste, else what you call
Collation, may prove a Breakfast, for 'tis
Near twelve a Clock.
Ant. Thus end the Rare Adventures of Five Hours;
As sometimes Boisterous Storms in Gentle Shours.

They all embrace, but Henrique *coldly.*

Diego *takes her by the hand.*

THE EPILOGUE.

Diego comes stealing in, and is follow'd by *Henrique*, who stays at the Door, and Listens.

Die. Come Gentlemen!
Let the Dons, *and* Monsieurs *say what they will;*
For our parts, we are for Old England *still.*
'Tis a fine Play indeed, to lay the Scene
In Houses of the same Town, O mean!
When we have several Plays, where I defie
The Devil to tell where the Scene does lie:
Sometimes in Greece, *and then they make a step*
To Transilvania, *there at one Leap*

Carl. Is this the Gallant Leader, who rescu'd us
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In two Houses of the same Town, I mean!
Now we have several Plays, where I defie
The Devil to tell where the Scene does lie:
Sometimes in Greece, *and then they make a Step*
To Transilvania, *there at one Leap*

To Greece *again: this shows a ranging Brain,*
Which scorns to be confin'd t' a Town in Spain.
Then for the Plot;
The possible Adventures of Five Hours;
A copious Design, why' in some of ours
Many of th' Adventures are impossible,
Or if to be atchiev'd, no Man can tell
Wit hin what time; this shows a rare Invention,
When the Design's above your Comprehension:
Whil'st here y'are treated with a Romance Tale,
And a Plot cover'd with a Spanish *Veil.*
As for the Style;
It is as easie as a Proclamation,
As if the Play were Pen'd for th' whole Nation.
None of those thundring Lines, which use to crack
Our Breaths, and set your Wits upon the Rack.
Who can admire this Piece, or think it good;
There's not one Line, but may be understood.
The Raillerie;
As innocent, as if't had past the Test
Of a full Synod: not one Baudy Jeast;
Nor any of those Words of Double Sense,
Which makes the Ladies, to show their Innocence;
Look so demure; whil'st by a simp'ring Smile,
The Gallant shows he understands the Style.
But here you have a Piece so subtly writ,
Men must have Wit themselves to find the Wit:
Faith that's too much; therefore by my consent,
We'l Damn the Play.

Pointing to the Pit.

Henr. *Think'st thou, Impertinent,*
That these, who know the Pangs of bringing forth
A Living Scene, should e'r destroy this Birth.
You ne'r can want such Writers, who aspire
To please the Judges of that Upper Tire.
The Knowing are his Peers, and for the rest
Of the Illiterate Crowd (though finely dress't)
The Author hopes, he never gave them cause
To think, he'd waste his Time for their Applause.
You then (most equal Judges) freely give
Your Votes, whether this Play should Die, or Live.

THE EPILOGUE AT COUR

W' Have pass'd the Lords, and Commons; and
At length, Dread Sir, to hear Your Final Doo
'Tis true, Your Vassals, Sir, may Vote the Laws,
Their Sanction cannot finde Your Divine Applause.
This Shining Circle then will all sit Mute,
Till one pronounce from you, Le Roy le Veut.

FINIS.